The Nation.

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The Week.

The Senate passed the Ship Subsidy Bill on Monday by a vote of 42 to 31. All the Republicans voted for it except the six from Vermont, Wisconsin, and Iowa. All the Democrats voted against it. Mr. McLaurin of South Carolina, who is not acknowledged as a member of either party, voted for it. Thus the Republican party is committed, so far as the Senate can commit it, to the policy of making gifts of public money to prosperous citizens engaged in trades already flourishing. It is a measure fraught with the weightiest consequences, social and political, and one before which the House of Representatives may well pause. As to the prospects of the measure in the House, it should be observed that, if the same proportion of Republicans should vote against it there as in the Senate (*i. e.*, one-seventh), and if all the Democrats should vote against it, the bill would yet fail to become a law. We think that it will fail to become a law at this session, and that its supporters will not risk a vote upon it on the eve of a Congressional election. That the ship-building industry is flourishing and prosperous, independent of subsidies, has been shown repeatedly in the course of the debate on the subsidy scheme, which has been going on during the past four years. We have before us a list of the ocean-going ships now under construction in the various yards on the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts, compiled and published by the *Marine Review* of Cleveland, O. The list fills eight closely printed columns of the names and description of ships now on the stocks in sixty-nine shipyards, not counting any on the great lakes or any under construction for the United States navy. Naval vessels, however, should be counted, in any estimate of the needs of American capital and labor in the ship-building trade. It is therefore worth mention that there are now fifty-one war-ships under construction for the navy, with a total displacement of 264,987 tons, and costing for hulls and machinery $74,731,666.

When Senator Hanna's attention was called, in the course of the debate last Saturday, to the crowded condition of all our ship-yards, he thought that it was a sufficient answer to say that the ships were nearly all for the coasting trade. Naturally and necessarily so. Foreign-built ships are not allowed to engage in the coasting trade. Therefore, if the coasting trade is carried on at all, the ships for replacement of those that are used up or out of date, and to meet the increase of traffic, must be built in our own yards. They have the preferred place, and it may easily happen that there is little room in the yards at present for any work except that of coasting and naval vessels. Yet it was made clear to Senator Hanna that there are eight or ten large steamships for the foreign trade now under construction by American builders. He thought, however, that these were built here in the prospect of getting a subsidy, and that if the Subsidy Bill should not pass, they would be operated under foreign flags as soon as they were ready for business. It is strange that somebody did not ask him whether putting them under foreign flags would cause the freight and passenger money to go to foreigners. The theory of the bill, all the way through, has been that all steamship earnings made by foreign ships are a dead loss to Americans, and that the registration of the ship is the sign and proof of ownership.

A bill to limit the meaning of the word "conspiracy" has been under consideration by the Judiciary Committee of the United States Senate, which threatened to make a radical change in the treatment of the matter by the courts. But an amendment to the bill was adopted by the Committee on Monday, which takes the life out of the measure. In its original form the bill provided that no act of a trade combination should be deemed criminal, "if such act committed by one person would not be punishable as a crime." This act would have put all concerted actions of striking bodies beyond the jurisdiction of the Federal courts, unless such action were accompanied by violence. Thus, no injunction could stand against a boycott or against picketing as such. In its amended form, the bill leaves the courts full discretion in every case where "the purpose or effect of such conspiracy shall be to create intimidation by a show of physical force . . . or the occasioning of injury to the property or business of the complainant, *or is likely to result in such injury.*" It is plain that in its present form the bill makes judicial injunctions against strikes easier rather than more difficult to obtain. We cannot believe that the powers of the courts need any extension in this matter. Practically the courts of all degrees have shown a disposition to strain their powers to the limit of legal warrant, and frequently beyond that of expediency. We observe, in this connection, that the Court of Errors and Appeals of New Jersey has confirmed the sentences which the Court of Chancery imposed upon the picketers in the Paterson strike last summer, although these sentences carried the unusual feature of imprisonment for contempt.

The House of Representatives "broke the record" last Friday by passing 229 private pension bills. This was the largest number ever "put through" at one sitting. Nearly all of these bills were for increase of pension in cases where an increase had been disallowed by the Commissioner of Pensions. The total amount of the pension to be allowed in each case was stated in the bill, but the amount that the pensioner was previously receiving was not stated, nor was any mention made of the reason for the increase. Mr. Sims of Tennessee, a member of the Pension Committee, said that the average increase in these bills "was 200 per cent. over and above what the Bureau allows." This means that, after establishing a Pension Bureau and providing a large and expensive force to administer the very liberal laws relating to the subject, Congress takes the job out of the hands of the Commissioner and his medical men, and doubles or trebles the pensions by passing bills which the members themselves cannot possibly understand. The excuse or pretence for this reckless and demoralizing policy is that the Commissioner of Pensions is doing injustice to the soldiers. Congressman Gaines of Tennessee ironically asked the question, "Why does not the distinguished President turn that Commissioner out and put in one who will do justice?" That is just what the pension-claim agents are trying to accomplish. They are as fierce against Commissioner Evans as they were during the McKinley Administration.

It is not surprising that the Chinese Government has officially protested against the reënactment of the Chinese Exclusion Law, particularly with reference to the Philippines and Hawaii. It is less than two years ago that American troops were fighting their way to Pekin, primarily to save the legations, but secondarily to keep the Chinese empire open to Americans and American trade; and Secretary Hay's able diplomacy has steadily kept the latter end in view, despite Chinese hostility. Now the Chinese feel that there is quite as much justice in their claim for admission to the United States as in the American desire to exploit the Celestial Empire. Particularly in regard to the Philippines is their case a strong one. The Filipinos not only have never objected to their presence, but have welcomed them. The Americans, however, have carried all their race prejudices with them, and would exclude the Chinese lest the islands prove an open door

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to the United States. As for the Americans resident in Manila, they disagree, as the doctors in charge of a serious case are apt to. Some believe that we owe it to the Filipinos to exclude all Chinese, and others are of the opinion that the islands simply cannot get on without them. It is plain that here is another difficult question, which has been rendered more than ever trying and vexatious by that very policy of Expansion which, we used to be assured, would prove the cure-all for most of our national problems.

The Secretary of the Treasury has decided to discontinue for the present the purchase of bonds as a means of disposing of his surplus, and to adopt the alternative method of depositing the money in national banks, and preferably in banks which are not retiring their circulation. The purpose of this discrimination is to "overcome the tendency to retire national bank circulation." This is not the first time that the Department has been compelled by the advancing price of bonds to withdraw as a purchaser from the market. When the 2 per cents are selling at 110 and 4s are close to 140, the strain should not be increased by Government purchases, for there is really no limit to the advance when there is one buyer in the market whose means and whose necessities are practically unlimited. Such a buyer can easily corner the market against himself. The Secretary is, therefore, fully justified in discontinuing his purchases. Whether he can thus overcome the tendency to retire national bank circulation is not so clear. Depositing the surplus in the banks requires bonds as security. The bank which applies for deposits must either use bonds which it already owns or buy others in the market. Those which it owns are presumably pledged for circulation, and, under the terms of the Secretary's order, cannot be withdrawn and repledged for Government deposits. Therefore, the purchase of bonds for the latter purpose will probably sustain the market at the present high price, which constitutes the temptation to retire circulating notes and realize the premium on the bonds. So the Treasury and the banks are travelling in a circle, and the only way out of it is the passage of a law to enable the Secretary to deposit the money without requiring bond security.

In the absence of any reform in the disposition of the surplus, it is not quite fair to accuse banks of unpatriotic behavior in retiring their circulation and selling the security bonds. As the country is not engaged in any war, and has none in prospect, and even the Monroe Doctrine is comatose, the element of patriotism as a factor in the money market seems rather uncalled for. Bankers are not in the business for their health or to win the admiration of the community. They are moved solely by the idea of profit. It was the intention of the National Bank Act to make note-issuing profitable, but it has to a large extent ceased to be so. According to the last report of the Comptroller of the Currency, the annual profit on $100,000 of circulation secured by 2 per cent. bonds is only $796.84 over and above what could be obtained by lending at 6 per cent. the money that the bonds would cost. This is only seven-tenths of 1 per cent. to pay for all the trouble of maintaining the circulation. Even this small profit is liable to further deduction unless the circulation is kept out all the time, since bank-notes in the vaults of the issuing bank bring no return. If circulation is secured by 4 per cent. bonds of 1925, which sell at about 139, there is a loss on note issues of $125.08 per annum on each $100,000, as compared with a loan of the purchase money at 6 per cent. If a bank has $100,000 of circulation outstanding secured by that class of bonds, its pecuniary interests require it to deposit greenbacks in the Treasury to secure its circulation, and to withdraw and sell the bonds and pocket the premium of $39,000. No blame can attach to a bank officer who takes that course, nor could he justify himself to his shareholders if he should fail to do so.

The denial by the War Department of Lieut.-Gen. Miles's request to let him end the Philippine war by using Indian methods was only to be expected. The General's application was tactless enough in view of the many times the war has already been ended. But, waiving that, the Department is quite excusable in rejecting such a plan from one who has never been in the Philippines, and the memory of whose extraordinary two-wheeled, chariot-like invention for protecting American soldiers in battle is still green. On the theory of letting well alone, the Department is content to have Gens. Chaffee and Bell continue their efforts, which appear to be bearing fruit and to be diminishing the Filipino activity. The incident merely emphasizes again the strained relations between the Commanding-General and the War Department, which would be intolerable in any other country, and which would certainly lead to the retirement or dismissal of Gen. Miles from any European army.

The status of Gen. Miles illustrates afresh the difficulty Secretary Root is having in finding officers of high rank to aid him in putting through his plans for the reorganization and higher education of the army, which he again urged upon Congress last week. Of the six major-generals, three—Brooke, Otis, and Wheaton—are on the verge of retirement, Chaffee is in the Philippines, and MacArthur is tired and anxious to rest at the head of a department. Gen. Young, the only remaining major-general, has been selected for the head of the new War College, and is the only one at all interested in its future. Of the brigadier-generals, Grant, Leonard Wood, and Funston are plainly unqualified, having been without any adequate military training, and having been pitchforked into their present places by President McKinley for political reasons. Gen. J. Franklin Bell, the only young and progressive brigadier, has been selected for the command of the Cavalry and Infantry School at Fort Riley. The others are in the Philippines, or are, for one reason or other, too little fitted by age and character of their service to help in the modernization of the army. It is no wonder that Secretary Root is anxious to create a general staff school for the making of generals.

Mr. Herbert Welsh has written an open letter to Secretary Root upon the use of torture by the United States troops in the Philippines. Mr. Welsh has but one object in view—the clearing of the good name of our soldiers, or, if this cannot be done, the rigorous punishment of those guilty of acts which Mr. Root admits are contrary to the articles of war. He cites the case of Lieut. Hagedorn, who tortured three Filipinos by giving them only salt fish and no water to drink for forty-eight hours. This "mistake of judgment" was excused by his commanding officer, so that the Lieutenant went scot free. But not for long, since, almost as Mr. Welsh was writing his letter, this flower of American chivalry was put under arrest and imprisoned in Manila for embezzling the funds of his regiment. Mr. Welsh has yet to hear of any attempt to start an official inquiry into the acts of Major O'Connell, also cited by him. When the War Department did get hold of a clear case, the shooting of a Filipino in the back by Lieut. Preston Brown, Second Infantry, as the Filipino was walking away, it commuted Brown's sentence from dismissal and imprisonment to a reduction in rank which will delay his impending promotion to captain only for a matter of eight months or so.

From Chicago, where Gen. Funston has been repeating his speech about hanging those Americans who dare to breathe so much as the words Filipino independence, comes the report that he is in danger of a reprimand from the War Department. If he is not, he ought to be. Nothing could be more nicely calculated to bring the service into contempt than his breathing out of threatenings and slaughter. Gen. Miles's breach of discipline was a very model of propriety compared with this lawless

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talk of Funston's. That doughty warrior should heed the poet's advice, and show us more of that modest stillness and humility which best becomes even a hero-soldier in time of peace. He now explains to the reporter that his motion to hang all home traitors was intended only as an "abstract proposition." Very well, let Secretary Root make the corresponding rebuke also abstract. Let him address a letter to Gen. Funston saying that any officer who goes about prating of civil rights about which he knows nothing, and with which he has no concern, is acting like a fool, and had better take his own advice to "keep still." If Funston prefers a reprimand in this Joseph Surface style, of "a man who, etc.," by all means let him have it in that way. We remark, by the way, that he does exceedingly well to make his hanging "abstract." The first move of his to make it concrete would result in his capture by the officers of the law, and there wouldn't be any "dirty Irish trick" about it either, as he proudly says there was about his capture of Aguinaldo.

There are various points of view from which the Steel Corporation's tentative proposition to turn one-fifth of its billion-dollar share capital into bonds, and borrow $50,000,000 in addition, may be considered. At present we wish to call attention to one phase of the matter which, though affecting only a part of the proposed bond issue, is really vital to the discussion of industrial finance. We pointed out, in the earlier months of this momentous experiment, first, that in view of the immense and inevitable expenses for improvements or renewals, the most liberal possible surplus fund ought to be accumulated; second, that to provide a surplus large enough, dividend payments on the common stock at the outset would be unwise. The trustees thought otherwise, however. Quarterly dividends, at the annual rate of 4 per cent., have been paid on the half-billion dollars in common shares, total disbursements thus far, for the purpose, footing up $15,000,000. Now it appears, from unofficial statements of the proposed bond issue's purposes, that from twenty-five to fifty millions of the capital to be borrowed is needed for improvements. This will strike most students of the situation as pretty clear proof that our own position regarding dividend policy was sound. It is doubtless true that the projected improvements will make feasible very great economies, and that, with due attention to the sinking fund, the debt may be conservatively redeemed. But it is reasonable to ask, if borrowing is the wisest means of providing for needed improvements and renewals now, at the absolute high tide of steel trade prosperity and profits, how is the capitalization problem to be solved when we have fallen on other times?

The English Government is again finding that the Irish question will not down. What to do with the United Irish League is the problem now tormenting the Cabinet, and the dispatches say that divided counsels on that subject are threatening a rupture of the Ministry. It is all, we suppose, a part of the political manœuvring in connection with choosing a successor to Lord Salisbury. His speedy retirement from public life is on all hands reckoned a certainty, but who is to be the next leader of the Conservative party? Some say Chamberlain; others, Balfour. The latter is for moderation and conciliation in Ireland; the old Birmingham radical is for harsh measures. Mr. Wyndham, Secretary for Ireland, put himself squarely on record the other day against reviving the Crimes Act, for the suppression of the Irish League, maintaining that the ordinary law is sufficient to punish real crimes, and that the Government could not again expose itself to the reproach of "using the law to strike down political opposition in Ireland." Obviously, he could not stay in office if Chamberlain's policy of Thorough were to be adopted. This sharp difference of opinion between the two factions of the Cabinet is one more indication of the party embarrassments which will follow Salisbury's retirement. As for the Irish, their new League is rapidly becoming as formidable a power as the old Land League. Through the machinery provided by the Irish Local Government Act, it is getting almost complete control of local affairs. "Please, sir," said the Irish school-boy to the inspector asking the class in geography to define "latitude"—"please, sir, we have no latitude in Ireland. The Government won't allow us any." But the new Irish League is showing how they will take it, with or without permission.

The Italian Ministry took a new lease of life by gaining a handsome vote of confidence last Saturday, but the Premier, in reknitting the old alliance with the Socialists, is probably only putting off the evil day. Signor Giolitti, the political manager—the Joseph Chamberlain, one might say, of the present Ministry—has lately reiterated the principle that the strikes are "part of a great social movement of all classes of the proletariat to secure better conditions of life"; that, hence, they are a sign of social health, not of disease, and that, finally, the Government should maintain an impartial, if not a friendly, attitude towards all strikes which do not threaten violence or anarchy. Meanwhile the Ministry promises to contribute $6,500,000, being three-quarters of the entire amount, towards the increase in wages demanded by the railway employees. The Premier alleges precedent for such action in France and elsewhere, but every serious observer will feel that this temporary expedient to avoid an imminent peril may some time react disastrously upon the whole body politic. This huge appropriation for the benefit of the class of railway officials was in large part wrung from the farming classes, whose distress is notorious. Now the cultivators have their Socialist leagues, too, and their strikes. The Ministry, if the experience of a year ago should be renewed, might tell the Agrarian leagues that Agrarian strikers can claim no subsidy because such strikes do not, like strikes on the railways, imperil public order and inconvenience the entire nation; but the argument will not be received favorably by those who have seen their money voted away for the railway men. Signor Zanardelli has thoroughly committed himself to the Socialists, and, without imputation as to the character of his allies, is likely to learn the force of the proverb, "Needs must when the devil drives."

A curious parallel to the flouting of the reciprocity treaties which President McKinley negotiated is seen to-day in Germany, where the Agrarians stand stubbornly in the way of all commercial negotiations with foreign Powers. On Thursday Von Richthofen, the Foreign Secretary, declared in the Reichstag that the passage of the tariff schedules demanded by the Agrarians would put it out of his power to conclude the pending reciprocity treaty with Italy, and he might have added that the Agrarian policy is equally incompatible with all the efforts which the Government is making to secure new outlets for German trade. Here the German Foreign Office finds itself exceptionally in the situation which is constant with our own State Department—that of being obliged to square its well-considered policies for the entire nation with the selfish demands of a local group. The Foreign Secretary threatened to complete the negotiations with Italy, in the face of Agrarian opposition. One may doubt that such a threat will be carried into effect, at the risk of a reversal by the Reichstag. The incident shows, however, that the clash of Agrarian and industrial interests in Germany is as sharp as ever; that the Government's canal project is no nearer realization; and that the whole matter of tariff revision is likely to be postponed indefinitely. The comparatively novel feature of the situation is to find the foreign policy of the Empire seriously hampered by these internal dissensions. A war might be made or a military alliance contracted without a word to the Reichstag. But foreign policy concerns itself to-day less with war than with commerce, and here, even in an empire, the people who vote credits and tariffs hold the whip hand.

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ELECTING SENATORS BY POPULAR VOTE.

There was a short but interesting discussion of a very important question in the Senate, the other day—whether there ought to be a radical change in the method of electing members of that body. Mr. Berry of Arkansas brought the matter up by asking that the Committee on Privileges and Elections allow a vote upon a resolution sent over from the House, proposing to amend the Constitution so that Senators shall be chosen by direct vote of the people. Chairman Burrows of Michigan disavowed any disposition on the part of the Committee to smother the question, but Mr. Hoar of Massachusetts, one of its members, declared that he would "not be hurried," and showed his purpose to delay action as long as possible.

The Massachusetts Senator went briefly into the arguments against the proposed change, and laid most stress on one point which appears to be conclusive in his mind. He maintains that the innovation suggested would violate a fundamental condition upon which the Constitution was founded—that the equality of the States in the upper branch of Congress should never be destroyed without the consent of every one. Mr. Hoar thinks that, if the Senate should be chosen by popular vote, like the lower branch, we should have two Houses of Representatives, differing only in the size of their constituencies, and that New York, Pennsylvania, and the other large States would then refuse long to allow the equality in the Senate of Rhode Island, Nevada, and other small States. "I believe," he says, "that what is left of that whole promise will be swept away like a leaf before the wind." This seems purely fanciful. The prohibition against interference with the rights of the smaller States will remain as binding, if the people elect Senators directly at the polls, as when they elect them indirectly through their Legislatures, and it is hard to see any reason why a movement against equal Senatorial representation should have any more chance of success in the one case than in the other.

One thing is certain—no theoretic argument of this sort will carry much weight with the public. Senator Hoar evidently does not at all appreciate the condition of public sentiment on the question of changing the method of election. He sneered at the recent action of the House of Representatives in passing unanimously the resolution for a Constitutional amendment as "half a joke," and intimated that all the signs of popular support represent only the activity of "some one man or some few men somewhere." The truth is, that the feeling in favor of the change has been growing steadily among intelligent and thoughtful men during the past dozen years, until a great many who at first opposed the innovation have come to favor it.

The success of unfit men in securing election to the Senate through Legislatures by wirepulling or corruption, when they might not have succeeded if they had been forced to go before the people, influences some, though unfit men are often elected Governors by the use of the same methods. Others are impressed by the injustice of a system which enables a party that is in the minority on the popular vote, to secure the Senatorship through its control of the Legislature, as has repeatedly happened in Connecticut; that State having more than once gone for a Democrat for President, and yet on the same day, under the town system of representation, elected a Legislature which chose a Republican Senator. Another argument for the proposed change is, that it would always result in an immediate choice, whereas the old system often delays one for weeks and months, and sometimes prevents it altogether, while practically wrecking the session of the Legislature. Delaware has now no Senator, because neither in 1898 nor in 1900 could the Legislature reach a choice. Three years ago the Legislatures of Pennsylvania, Utah, and California also balloted for Senator without result until their terms expired, and one seat from each of those States was vacant in the following session of Congress. The Legislatures of Montana and Oregon used up nearly two months in filling vacancies, a year ago, and the Legislature of Nebraska almost three months. Five years ago, not only did the Oregon Legislature fail to elect a Senator, but the controversy over the matter prevented the organization of the body and action of any sort. This was an extreme case of legislative paralysis from the mixing of State and Federal functions in the members, but there is never a Senatorial deadlock that does not harm the interests of the commonwealth which its lawmakers are chosen to guard. As the tendency towards deadlocks has grown steadily of late years, it is no wonder that relief is sought in a removal of the cause.

The abandonment of the machinery devised by the framers of the Constitution for giving a peculiar and superior complexion to the Senate is, however, a change quite as fundamental as Senator Hoar asserts, in a direction not contemplated by him. The provision by which the State Legislatures were empowered to elect United States Senators insured the subordination of State to Federal politics; maintained party divisions that were natural in the national field in a field (municipal as well as State) where they were uncalled-for and mischievous; made the "final end" of a Legislature not the proper affairs of the State, but the election of State Senators in the interest of national party supremacy; constrained the consciences of men to vote for unworthy candidates to the Legislature lest the party at Washington should be imperilled; and, in a word, prepared the way for the absolute domination of the machine, as we see it today in Pennsylvania, for a flagrant example, where the aspiring Senator creates his own Legislature, not merely for his own election, but for an instrument of local plunder and patronage in absolute subserviency to his assent to every species of enactments. Various causes have worked together to keep men of training and probity out of public life, and to precipitate that decay of our Legislatures which every patriotic thinker deplores; but we are persuaded that nothing has contributed so powerfully and so inevitably to the debasement of these bodies as the principle imbedded in the Constitution which is now being assailed. The contrivance has not only not worked as the founders intended, it has worked in the opposite way.

We have never actively favored the complete democratization of Congress as is now proposed. Our hope has been that some recovery might, by unforeseen agencies, qualify the Legislatures once more to pick out the flower of the commonwealth to represent Statehood in Congress. We are aware that popular election is no safeguard against Quays and Platts. Nevertheless, we cannot share Senator Hoar's alarm at a change in the old order which may, for the reasons just hinted at, prove to be a blessing in disguise.

CONNECTICUT'S UNDEMOCRATIC GOVERNMENT.

The anomaly of an undemocratic form of government in a State which claims the glory of the first written democratic Constitution is likely to continue, the Connecticut Constitutional Convention having rejected in committee of the whole an acceptable substitute for the present inequitable system of legislative representation. Only a faint hope remains that this verdict can be changed in the Convention proper. As a better result was only wished for, not really expected, this outcome of a half-century of agitation is not altogether discouraging. In fact, considering that membership in the Convention was based on acres, and not on people, the action is logical. As well ask the Connecticut House of Representatives to reform itself. That body had built the Convention on its own distorted model; had transferred to it its partisanship and its prejudice, and imbued it with the tradition that Connecticut is a federation of towns with vested and reserved rights, and that the town-unit system of legislative representation is an inheritance from the revered Thomas Hooker.

This Connecticut article of faith is pure tradition, as has been proved by judicial inquiry. It was not the settle-

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ments of Windsor, Hartford, and Wethersfield—typified to this day in the three vines on the State seal—which adopted the famous Constitution of 1639, but "the inhabitants and residents" of those towns; and the only right they reserved was the one of home rule in local affairs—the cherished New England town meeting. Some little solace for the town-rulers is found in the fact that this first Constitution provided for equal representation in the Assembly of the three towns mentioned, but they conveniently overlook the further fact that it contained also an express recognition of the principle of popular representation. Delegates from any towns thereafter organized were to be "a reasonable portion to the number of freemen that are in the said towns." That was democratic and American. It was through the King Charles Charter, obtained by Gov. Winthrop in 1662, that the town-unit idea crept in. That English and aristocratic document limited representation in the Assembly to "not exceeding twoe Persons from each place, Towne or Citty," and this system, with slight modification, is retained in the existing Constitution.

This King Charles plan of legislative representation, though undemocratic in its basis, was not radically unfair at the date of its renewal in 1818. Then all the towns were small and agricultural. New Haven, with about 7,000 souls, and Hartford, with 6,000, were hardly more important than the hill-town of Litchfield, with its 4,600 people. But, with the decay of the agricultural communities and the rapid growth of the industrial centres, the disparity in population of the towns has widened by leaps and bounds until now one-sixth of the population of the State, dwelling in the little towns, controls the Legislature, determines the taxes, robs the cities of revenue, and chooses the United States Senators. Political revolutions—the remedy elsewhere for similar injustices—have never gone far enough in Connecticut. When, some ten years ago, the Democrats chose the Governor and a majority of the State Senate, the House of Representatives remained Republican—rock-ribbed as the hills from which a majority of its members come. It is even probable that, in a pinch, many Democrats in the small towns would join forces with their political opponents in defence of the town-unit idea, so strong is the rural worship of this Connecticut fetish.

Despite these handicaps, however, the cause of representative reform has slowly but steadily gained ground in the past fifty years, and has won many friends even in a Convention packed to oppose it. On the part of the reformers the contest has been largely non-partisan. In their ranks are many Republicans of prominence, some influenced purely by motives of justice, but the larger number—believers themselves in town representation—moved by a desire to persuade the little towns to concede something to the cities, lest in the coming greater storm the whole fabric of town unity in representation be swept away. The pleadings of these Republicans, more especially the Governor's, wrung from the Legislature a consent to submit to the people the question of calling a Convention, but did not avail to make that body a representative one; while their warnings of the party danger involved in rejecting all the proposals from the cities fell for the most part on dull ears.

Yet very little was asked of the towns. Morally bound by the provision in the call for the Convention that no town should be deprived of representation as a town, and recognizing the force of tradition and sentiment, the city delegates asked only that limited popular representation for the cities, somewhat commensurate with the number and importance of their legislative interests, be grafted upon the town-representation plan. Acceptance of such a proposition would have stilled the agitation, insured the adoption of the new Constitution, preserved the town-unit system, and continued the little towns in legislative control. Instead, with unimpeachable logic from their standpoint, the majority has voted to make town representation uniform, giving each town one Representative, and annulling the amendments adopted in 1874 and 1876, which recognized popularity to the extent of apportioning two Representatives to towns of over 5,000 population, and denying a new town separate representation unless it contained more than 2,500 people. The eighty-four delegates who so voted represent a smaller aggregate constituency than the two delegates from Hartford and New Haven, and no more graphic illustration could be given of the unrepresentative character of the Convention.

It is not conceivable that the people will accept this mockery of representative government, which is not bettered materially by the concession of increased city membership in an enlarged and popularized State Senate. That little gain for the cities, besides being in the wrong place, is no make-weight for the restricted representation in the House. It is an altogether unfair and undemocratic arrangement, popular confirmation of which would weaken the cause of real representative reform. Far better will it be, if the Convention will not reverse its decision, to continue the contest, and, taking a lesson in logic from the town-rulers, to abandon the mongrel plan of part-town and part-popular representation, and contrast the town-unit idea with a clean-cut democratic scheme of representation based on population alone. On that issue the State, aside from the House of Representatives, might be carried, and the town-rulers be thus despoiled of much of their power and patronage. There is just a possibility that this result, coupled with the educational influence of the Convention and of the campaign to follow, might bring the legislative majority to their senses, and open the way to another and a more representative Convention. The only alternative is revolution, not to be expected in "the land of steady habits," though certainly many justified revolutions have had less provocation than the insolent attitude of the Connecticut oligarchy.

OUR TIRED IMPERIALISM.

Chancellor von Bülow alluded deprecatingly, the other day, to what he called the "China-fatigue," which he said had become almost epidemic in Germany. There are signs that our own Imperialistic Titans are in like manner growing weary. They are "tired" of the Philippines. To talk to them about Cuba makes them look around for a spring tonic. Ask them how their permanent army of 200,000 men is getting along, where their big navy is that was going to be able to whip Germany with one hand, just how much of the Nicaragua Canal is dug, in what seas are the subsidized American steamers that were to invade all markets with American goods and bring back the spoils of the ends of the earth through the open doors of our custom-houses—and "that tired feeling" is painfully visible on their faces. They may be a World-Power, but they look uncommonly like a World-Weariness.

Such reaction and disappointment after a gorgeous paper programme of Imperialism were inevitable. The dreams which our old men dreamed, and the visions of our young men, immediately at the close and in consequence of the Spanish war, were truly grandiose, but to translate them into reality—there was the rub. We have now been more than three years about it, and what have we to show? We think that an honest and observant foreigner, taking a survey of the United States now, and comparing it with his estimate of five years ago, would say that the more we had changed, the more we had remained the same old thing. We talked, indeed, he would say, of having entered upon a "new era," and cast off our "swaddling clothes," but there we were, in fact, just the busy and argumentative democracy we ever had been—disputing over every new step; standing up vehemently for local against Imperialistic interests; and offering a dead weight of inertia in the shape of long and jealous discussion and infinite delays, for an impetuous Imperialism to dash itself against vainly and in despair.

There is nothing strange or vexing about this except to those who did not foresee that it would be impossible to

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commit the American democracy to the new policy in a year. In reality, a decade will not suffice, nor a lifetime. Some philosopher has said that it is the common "solecism of power" to think to attain an end without employing the necessary means. Exactly that was the blunder of the creators of our new world of Imperialism. They had magnificent conceptions. Did not their stump-orators and their editors and platform-designers construct for us a splendid course of Empire? Why, we could already see the *Oregon* bursting through the Isthmus, Manila an entrepôt greater than Liverpool, and our happy colonists sending their products into the wide and free market of the United States! But they reckoned ill who left out the conflicting interests, the many Congressmen of many minds, only by whose appeasing and harmonizing could the star of Empire move at all. Schiller said that he could write a drama in five acts more easily than he could keep house for one day; and our Imperial playwrights have found out that it is easy to sketch the plot and plan the setting of a grand production of "Uncle Sam Imperator," but that the drudgery of the necessary governmental housekeeping is far harder.

No one need regret that the wheels of the Imperial chariot have thus driven heavily. We speak not as Anti-Imperialists, but as plain American citizens. No matter what the sweeping new policy proposed to our people, it is a good thing to know that it takes a long time to instruct and persuade them; that they are very inquisitive, and will insist upon having their questions answered; very cautious, and will desire to wait to see whereto this thing may grow; yes, and are very selfish, too, and will want to know where John Smith out in Ashtabula is going to be advantaged by a splendid scheme of world-empire at Washington. While we have only condemnation for the obstinate attitude of the beet-sugar Representatives to-day, we cannot fail to see in it a wholesome reminder to our empire-mongers. All their large and easy plans of greatness have got to satisfy the great mass of the people, the veriest "country witlings and chaw-bacons," before they can come to enactment. It is all very well for the American orator or statesman to urge the launching of our ship of state upon proud new seas, but there will always come to him the troublesome inquiry from each of a hundred exigent local interests, in the words of the tailor to Cowper:

> "Say; shall *my* little bark attendant sail,
> Pursue the triumph and partake the gale?"

It is not surprising that our extemporized Imperialists are growing weary of this continued rising of the petty interests of locality to thwart their noble schemes for the nation. Their chosen instrument, the Republican party, has been for many months little more than an organization to show how not to do it, "doing nothing reduced to a system." One reason for this cooling after the first flush, this stagnation after the early energy bent on doing all in a day, is that the whole Imperialistic policy now suffers from the misfortune—it has been said to be one of the greatest misfortunes of a statesman—of having appeared only "temporarily magnetic." If an orator makes only a first pleasing impression, but cannot command a long hearing, nor endure the test of meditation on his words, he can never be a leader of men. For a few months Imperialism seemed to cast a glamour over the minds of Americans; but its charm diminished on examination, and its feeble and discredited operation has now well-nigh completed the disillusionment. From being weary of it, the people will soon come to think the best thing to do will be simply to "write off" the losses incurred by that folly, and begin a fresh account.

A BRITISH ACADEMY.

A number of British scholars have recently petitioned the Crown for the incorporation of "The British Academy for the Promotion of Historical, Philosophical, and Philological Sciences." The aim of the petitioners is clearly to do for the historical sciences what the Royal Society does for the natural sciences. The immediate occasion of renewing a project which has slumbered quietly since Matthew Arnold's essay "On the Influence of Academies," was the fact that English history, philosophy, and philology were quite unrepresented at a recent international convention of the principal literary and scientific academies of the world, while, through the lack of any representative literary body, no English candidates were put forward in competition for the Nobel prizes in literature.

The plan is a conservative one, and it looks forward to a more ambitious career than that of a dozen existing societies only in so far as the names of the petitioners carry unusual weight. It is somewhat curious, then, that the whole project has met with no little disfavor, while its discussion has shown that there is in the English temperament a latent hostility to academies in any form. This feeling was particularly marked when it was suggested that the new institution might eventually include literary men. The idea of a literary academy was abhorrent. The petitioners themselves remark "the recognized difficulty, if not impossibility, of dealing adequately with belles-lettres, poetry, and fiction," and quite exclude these subjects from the purview of the proposed academy. It is admitted on all hands that the right men would rarely be elected to an academy of literature, while the wrong men would be chosen in numbers. Mr. Gosse, in connection with a former scheme of this nature, imagines the filling of a vacant chair; an archbishop quite unknown to the world of letters and a great historian being the rival candidates. Needless to say, the archbishop is triumphantly elected, and the press generally declares that "great honor has been done to literature." While the mood of persiflage is most common, criticism often assumes the more serious tone. Mr. Edward Dicey, in the *Nineteenth Century*, for example, appeals to "the common-sense view of common people," and concludes, with a certain emotion:

> "I think, whatever superior persons may hold to the contrary, it will be found that the British public does not wish for a British Academy, would much sooner be without it, and is of opinion that it would be either a mischievous or a useless institution, and would most probably prove both useless and mischievous."

Now, it is not incumbent on us to champion the idea of an academy; that has been done frequently and ably. But it may be well to point out the inferences which may be drawn from Mr. Dicey's very characteristic utterance. It is safe to say that no scholar but a British scholar would for a moment have referred the question of the utility of academies to "the common people." An academy, if it means anything at all, means a recognized seat of authority, to which the common people instinctively defer, or, as Renan puts it, an academy has especial facilities for "creating a form of intellectual culture which shall impose itself on all around." One may imagine the ironical shade of Matthew Arnold studying the appeal of a British scholar to the "Philistines"—that they in their wisdom may condemn the designs of the merely learned and "superior"; and taking a melancholy pleasure in recalling his prediction that the British will always "cry down criticism as the voice of an insignificant, overfastidious minority."

But the whole discussion brings out at least this noteworthy fact, that the average Englishman does not fully believe in the reality of literary as compared with scientific achievement. Successes in literature have been of an individualistic character. It is a question if the "common people," for whom Mr. Dicey chooses to speak, really discriminate in their reading, for instance, between the good and the bad. It is highly probable that Tupper and Tennyson passed for peers with those who read them for their doctrine, and it is certain that the average English reader of to-day could follow up George Eliot with Mr. Hall Caine without any feeling of an abrupt descent. Taste is "what a fellow likes." The difference in France is not that better books are read, but that the bad books are read with a sense of their inferiority. The English mind is capable of all imaginative flights, but it remains

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half-ashamed of them. The English writers of any power have been a shy sort, little given to contact with their kind; and the exceptions, such as Browning, only emphasize the truth that the shamefacedness which afflicts the Englishman in the expression of any deeply felt emotion generally leads the English author to minimize his differences from other men, and to seek not public rewards, but the fit audience, though few, of readers whose appreciation is quite as discreetly veiled as was his own creative impulse. It is probably the feeling that for literary men as a class to seek publicity is in some way un-English—a kind of wearing their hearts on their sleeves—that accounts for the hostility to this modest plan for the academy.

Some might say that it is merely another instance of the trend towards science, with its concrete standards of achievement, and it is indeed notable that organizations like the Royal Society of Literature have, on the whole, languished. The Royal Society itself, which was founded in 1662, was to have included the eminent "in every kind of learning and good letters," but it was from the first distinctly devoted to natural sciences, and for years past has elected no literary man as such. Literature, as the present petitioners say, is "difficult, if not impossible, to deal with." This will always be true in a country which lacks standards for literature; and we cannot believe that for years to come a non-scientific academy will gain any real prestige, either in England or in America.

PIERRE LOTI IN CHINA.

PARIS, February 26, 1902.

It seems natural that the life of a sailor, the long days and months spent in the solitude of the sea, should contribute to develop the powers of observation. These powers have certainly attained the highest degree in an officer of the French navy, M. Viaud, who writes under the name of Pierre Loti. He first came into notice in a very remarkable book, 'Pêcheur d'Islande,' in which he painted, with an intensity of vision truly surprising, the northern seas where so many French sailors spend month after month every year. I am not personally very partial to mere description, and the abundance and choice of mere epithets do not reconcile me to a work which is wanting in dramatic interest. Pierre Loti is, however, so exceptional that he succeeds in commanding attention and admiration by mere description. He may be called a photographer in words; he struggles with nature without the marvellous help which color gives to the painter. As a true photographer, he sinks his own personality in his work; he belongs to no literary, philosophical, or political school; he has no special object, he is not viewy; he is merely a mirror, but what an admirable mirror—how sincere, how brilliant!

The list of his works is already very long. I think that I could name as many as twenty. The adventurous life which he has led has given him occasion to visit Morocco, Japan, Asia Minor, Galilee, Jerusalem, the Pyrenees, etc. These twenty-two volumes can all be read with pleasure. The writer who will some day (as late a day as possible) pronounce the eulogy of Pierre Loti in the French Academy, of which he is a member, will, we hope and we are sure, have read all these descriptive works, and will not coolly say, as did Pierre Loti when he was received into the Academy, that he never reads anything. This extraordinary confession, which made quite a sensation at the time, ought not to have surprised Loti's readers. He is evidently afraid to read, to merge his own personality in other personalities; he is original, he feels it, and preserves his originality as a woman tries to preserve her beauty.

His latest work is the collection of letters which he sent from China, where he took part in the operations of the recent war. This circumstance gives unusual interest to these letters. The dramatic element is perforce involved with the descriptive part of the work; and was there ever a more extraordinary drama, more horrible in many respects, more mysterious in others, than this joint expedition of the Great Powers of Europe against the oldest and most impenetrable Asiatic Power? When Pierre Loti arrived in the Yellow Sea with Vice-Admiral Pottier, the Commander-in-chief of the squadron of the Far East, Pekin had already been taken, the battles had nearly come to an end. His first letter is dated Monday, September 24, 1900, from the Gulf of Petchili. He finds there an astonishing squadron, representing Europe, "Europe armed against old and dark China." Guns are firing from all the ships; foreign bands receive the French with the "Marseillaise." The last of the military chiefs expected at this great meeting of the allies arrives, Field Marshal von Waldersee; and the cannon fire again, and the ships' bands receive him with the German national air. The landing takes place at Ning-hai, at the end of the Gulf of Petchili, "and on this shore there is a confusion and a Babel such as has never been seen in former epochs of history." Cossacks, Austrians, Germans, English midshipmen, are to be seen among the French sailors; little Japanese soldiers, astonishing in their new European uniforms; fair ladies of the Red Cross; bersaglieri of Naples, with cock's feathers in their colonial helmets. The flags of the seven allied Powers follow each in alphabetical order, at various distances, on the landing: Allemagne [Germany], Austria, France, Great Britain, Italy, Japan, Russia. After visiting what may be called the ruins of Taku ("Takou n'existe plus"), Loti takes the train as far as Tientsin. The Boxers having destroyed the railway between Tientsin and Pekin, he is obliged to continue his journey in a boat on the Pei-ho. He has time to make at Tientsin a visit to what he calls two goddesses of the Boxers, two prisoners kept in a corner of the palace of the Viceroys of Petchili.

"In the midst of a lamentable disorder, in a half-dark room where the evening sun cannot enter, two poor women, two sisters resembling each other, are sitting, with their heads down, in a pose of supreme consternation—one on a chair, the other on the edge of an ebony bed on which they both sleep at night. They wear humble black gowns, but here and there, on the floor, lie shining silks thrown about like lost objects, tunics embroidered with great flowers and golden dragons. They are, both, sorts of Jeannes d'Arc—if it be not blasphemous to pronounce with regard to them this ideally pure name; they were fetish girls placed in the pagodas riddled with shells in order to protect the altars; inspired women who marched to the firing line in order to encourage the soldiers. They were the goddesses of these incomprehensible Boxers, alike atrocious and admirable, hysterical defenders of Chinese fatherland, maddened by hatred and terror of the foreigner, who one day ran away without fighting, and the next, with demoniac shrieks, threw themselves with swords against a rain of shells, against troops ten times more numerous than themselves."

These extraordinary prisoners had become the property, the curious *bibelot*, says Loti, of the seven allied Powers. They were not maltreated, only shut up; they tried to commit suicide. Loti speaks of them with a sort of respect; he cannot help being moved by their despair; he feels that he is almost guilty of an impropriety in looking so long at them. "There are," he says," such abysses of incomprehension between European officers and the Boxers' goddesses that even our compassion cannot be explained to them. We had come to be amused by a curious spectacle, and we go away silently, cherishing with heart pang the image of the two poor forlorn creatures, imprisoned in the room where the night enters."

On the river, Loti has much to observe. He passes by Tong-Chow, the "city of celestial purity." The approach to it was rather frightful. "Out of a junk hangs a long dead arm with a bluish tint; dead cows are brought down by the current, swollen and stinking. A cemetery must have been violated close by, for on the mud of the shore are seen broken coffins." Tong-Chow was one of those immense Chinese cities, more populous than many capitals of Europe, whose name is hardly known to us. "To-day it is a phantom city; on drawing near, you are not long in seeing that all is now ruin—nothing but soldiers, invaders, guns. Cossacks, riding captured horses, are galloping furiously, like madmen, with savage screams." The "city of celestial purity" received the first shock of the allies, of the Japanese, "heroic little soldiers, of whom I would not speak ill, but who destroy and kill as in old times did the barbarian armies." "I would even less," Loti says, "speak ill of our friends the Russians, but they have sent here Cossacks from the neighborhood of Tartary; Siberians, half-Mongols, all admirable under fire, but who still understand war in the Asiatic fashion."

Loti arrives at last before Pekin. "The wall of Pekin stupefies us; it is gigantic, of Babylonian aspect, black under the dead light of the autumnal and snowy morning. It rises against the sky like the cathedrals, but it extends far, far away, for leagues, always the same." The city is entered through double, triple, tunnel-like gates, surmounted by donjons of five stories, with strange curved roofs, black and colossal. In the partition of the mysterious "Yellow City" made by the chiefs of the allies, a palace of the Empress was given to the French General, and Loti receives his hospitality. As the General has to go for a fortnight to Tientsin, Loti remains for two weeks alone, with his aide-de-camp, in this fairy residence, and we owe to this circumstance descriptions of which I despair of giving an idea, and which must be read

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in the text. Imagine Loti, with his extraordinary powers of observation, in a sort of temple, impenetrable to all before the war, "where only the Emperors used to go once a year, for a week, to prepare themselves for a solemn sacrifice by rites and purifications."

Everything is extraordinary in the Imperial City. Loti has, however, such a keen faculty of adaptation that everything becomes almost natural to him. Writing from the palace, which has become for a while his headquarters, he says:

"In this inaccessible place, where it would once have seemed folly to think that I should come to live, everything seems already familiar. The presence of the great alabaster goddess in the obscure temple, the daily visit of a cat, the silence of the surroundings, the dull light of the October sun, the agony of the last butterflies on the windows, the sparrows which have their nest on the enamelled roofs, the flying of the dead leaves, the falling of the little balsamic needles of the cedars—what a strange destiny, when you reflect, has made me for a few days the master here."

The most impressive chapter is on Loti's visit to the tombs of the Emperors. "Here is the sacred wood, with its quietness and mystery. . . . What marvellous poets of death are these Chinese, who prepare such asylums for it." There are, it seems, in the vaults of the four tombs visited by Loti, treasures, precious stones, accumulations of gold and silver. "Those," says Loti, "who are authorities in matters of Chinese curiosities, tell our generals that round the corpse of a single Emperor one could find the value of the ransom claimed by Europe. Fortunately for our Occidental honor, none of the allies wished to employ these means." The tombs were respected. "The old Emperors, behind their eternal walls, heard not far from them the trumpets and the drums of the 'barbarian armies'; but they went to sleep again in their night, as quiet as before, in the midst of the inanity of their fabulous wealth."

Correspondence.

THE LAW AGAINST PRESIDENTIAL ASSASSINS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In support of Senator Bacon's argument against the Constitutional validity of a Congressional law punishing attempts on the life of the President or of any officer in the line of succession, I beg to submit a few remarks.

The power of Congress to make such a law can be derived only from the words at the end of article i., section 8: "To make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution . . . powers vested by this Constitution in the Government of the United States or in any department or officer thereof." If Congress cannot make a law punishing attempts on the life of the President, Vice-President, etc., with death, it is debarred by this clause in article iii., section 3:

"Treason against the United States shall consist only in levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort. No person shall be convicted of treason, except on the testimony of two witnesses to the same overt act, or on confession in open court."

To understand the object of this clause, we must look back to the English law of treason, as it stood at the time of the Revolution under the statute of 25 Edward III. There were five sorts of treason: two of these were acts against the King's wife or his eldest daughter, wholly inapplicable in a republic; the other three were: "Compassing or imagining the death of the King; levying war against him; adhering to his enemies [meaning foreign enemies], giving them aid and comfort." The statute of Edward III. also required two witnesses, though not to the same overt act. The plain object and effect of putting the above clause into our Constitution seems to have been to deny that any one person's life represents the life of the American Commonwealth in the sense in which that of the English King represents the public life of England. Of course, when war is going on between the United States and a force of rebels, an attempt on the life of the President in aid of the rebellion would be an act of war, and treasonable as such; or, if there was a war with a foreign Power, such an attempt in the interest of the foreign enemy would be an act of "adhering to the enemies of the United States, giving them aid and comfort," and the courts would so decide. But Congress has no power to define treason; the courts alone can construe the words of the Constitution which define it. If the acts of Czolgosz and Guiteau were acts of war, the Federal courts could hold them to be such without any assistance from an act of Congress; if they were not acts of war, a Congressional law cannot stamp them as such.

To say that such acts, whether the attempt be successful or not, are not treason, but shall nevertheless be punished with death, would make the safeguards which the Constitution throws around persons charged with treason a mockery, a delusion, and a snare. For if the crime is a mere felony, and not treason, the accused man may be convicted upon the testimony of a single witness, or upon the proof of an admission not made in open court. In fact, the bill now before Congress does not contain the safeguards against hasty convictions which English and American law has, ever since 1352, thrown around those accused of the highest crime known to the law. L. N. D.

Louisville, Ky., March 14, 1902.

THE TRUST OF GIRARD COLLEGE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The endowment of Girard College has, I think, usually been considered by those who know its provisions as an unfortunate example of tying the hands of administrators. Here was a man, grown rich by dealing in negro slaves and liquor, who specifically excluded from the benefits of his benevolence to Philadelphia the descendants of those slaves whom his rum had bought and his ships had transported.

If, however, as President Louis Wagner asserts, a considerable discretion is left to his board to make "material modifications" in the original terms of this great gift, would it not be a most excellent step for the directors to cease to limit the benefits of this institution to white orphans? Surely a city with the third largest negro population in the Union owes as much to its black folk as to its Irish, Russians, and Italians. Consider, too, the "poetic justice"!—Very respectfully,

W. E. B. Du Bois.

Atlanta University, Ga., March 15, 1902.

Notes.

Lewis, Scribner & Co., New York, are to publish for the Arctic Club of America 'The Wide World,' a collection of papers on personal experiences within the Arctic Circle by Admiral Schley, Walter Wellman, and others, with profuse photographic illustrations. They have also in preparation 'Opportunities in the Colonies and in Cuba,' with an introduction by Gen. Leonard Wood and a section on Porto Rico by ex-Gov. Allen.

"Lewis and Clark" is certainly in the air, as we can now announce the third reprint (second from the edition of 1814) contemplated this year. It will initiate the "Commonwealth Library," projected by the New Amsterdam Book Company to "preserve in popular form a wealth of valuable history of early American exploration," and to "cover works in almost every department of literature excepting fiction."

Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole, 18 Tremont Street, Boston, purposes issuing ten volumes entitled "Breviary Treasures," including Anacreon's Odes, selections from the 'Gesta Romanorum,' Virgil's Eclogues, the 'Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius,' etc. The issues (one large-paper) will be for subscribers only.

T. Y. Crowell & Co.'s edition of Poe's complete works, under the supervision of Prof. James A. Harrison of the University of Virginia, is nearly ready.

'The Empire of Business,' by Andrew Carnegie, and 'Nature Portraits,' choice camera shots, reproduced in photogravure, with 48 pages of text, are in the press of Doubleday, Page & Co.

A third of the twelve crown octavo volumes constituting the "Oriental Series" of the J. B. Millet Co., Boston, is just appearing. 'Japan and China; Their History, Arts, Sciences, Manners, Customs, Laws, Religions, and Literatures,' is the real title. The author is Capt. F. Brinkley of Tokyo.

James Pott & Co. will issue directly 'Authors of Our Day in Their Homes,' from President Roosevelt to Winston Churchill, edited by Francis W. Halsey.

An artistic edition of the 'Song of Songs,' with an introduction by FitzRoy Carrington, and with Burne-Jones's illustrations, and 'The True Napoleon,' by Charles Josselyn, are in the press of R. H. Russell.

The Rev. Thomas Davidson bespeaks for 'Chambers's Twentieth Century Dictionary of the English Language,' which he has edited in one volume (Philadelphia: Lippincott), the consideration that may be assumed to be due to his third experience in this sort of work. It is, in fact, a handy and serviceable compilation in 2,400 columns of not too fine type. Pronunciation and etymology are both looked after. Where there was so much need of condensation, it is observable, in the editor's peculiar province, how much space is allowed to minor religious sects, such as Muggletonian and Mormon (eight lines each), Glassite or Sandemanian (seven lines), Plymouth Brethren (five). The better known are dismissed in two or three lines,

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with a slight inconsistency in attaching the definition now to the denomination (Methodism, Universalism), now to the member (Unitarian). Phrases are well cared for, but we miss either "lie" or "lay of the land." The Oxford Dictionary has been followed in its remarkable omission of "anti-slavery," certainly one of the best-worked of the *anti* epithets of the nineteenth century. The "reader's handbook" feature is exemplified under Seven—seven sleepers, seven wonders, seven wise masters, Seven Years' War, etc. The dictionary is judiciously illustrated, and there are the usual appendixes, including (for British latitudes) correct ceremonious forms of address, and a table of equivalents of French and English measures.

An old favorite, and, except for the late Henry Morley's books of selections, alone in its field—'Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature'—is to be reissued in three large volumes, of which the first, covering the period from the "Wanderer's Song" to Dryden, is at hand. The work has undergone a very thorough revision, under the general editorial supervision of Dr. David Patrick. The sections on Old and Middle English literature have been greatly expanded, through the care of Dr. Stopford Brooke and Mr. A. W. Pollard, respectively. Other new collaborators are Messrs. Edmund Gosse, Sidney Lee, Andrew Lang, A. H. Bullen, George Saintsbury, and the late S. R. Gardiner and Francis Hindes Groome. The bibliographies have been brought up to date, and numerous portraits and facsimiles of manuscripts added. Just what course has been taken with the text of the extracts is not fully explained. A certain inconsistency in orthography was here inevitable, but a student would wish to know just how far the Cyclopædia text may safely be cited. The old awkward arrangement by which the same author might be distributed among widely separated parts of the work—as poet, dramatist, and prose-writer, for example—has been done away with in favor of the biographical plan; an obvious improvement. American and British colonial writers will find their appropriate places in the succeeding volumes, beside their home-keeping brethren. In this rejuvenated form this sixty-year-old work need not fear the competition of the various libraries of the world's best literature. A cyclopædia is not for light reading, so one need not deplore the unduly great weight of this large octavo. The Chambers of Edinburgh and Lippincotts of Philadelphia unite in the publication.

A. C. McClurg & Co. have gathered a pretty nosegay of 'Right Reading: Words of Good Counsel' drawn from ten authorities—Sir A. Helps, Carlyle, I. Disraeli, Emerson, Schopenhauer, Ruskin, J. C. Hare, Morley, Lowell, and Frederic Harrison. These names are an assurance of good reading, and something in so much advice will leave a profitable mark upon the mind of almost any one. Pithy and plausible as Emerson is (the passage is from his "Society and Solitude"), what protest might be raised—must be raised—to each one of his "three practical rules," viz., "Never read any book that is not a year old; Never read any but famed books; Never read any but what you like." "For instance," says John Morley, on a later page, "it is a mistake to think that every book that has a great name in the history of books or of thought is worth reading. Some of the most famous books are least worth reading. Their fame was due to their doing something that needed in their day to be done."

R. L. Stevenson's 'Aes Triplex, and Other Essays' has been issued by Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, in a side-pocket (almost vest-pocket) edition that will commend itself to lovers of the tasteful as well as of Stevenson.

Procter's 'History of the Book of Common Prayer' has passed through three editions, and been reprinted twenty times since its first publication, in 1855, a testimony to its popularity. A fourth edition, by Mr. Walter Howard Frere (Macmillan) has been considerably enlarged, and it is manifest that Mr. Frere has taken great pains to give full and accurate information, his list of principal authorities containing more than fifty titles. It is also plain that he prefers the first Prayer-Book of King Edward VI., of 1549, to the second, of 1552, and, wherever there is room for difference of opinion, he leans decidedly to so-called "High Church" if not ritualistic views. All of Part II., on "The Sources and Rationale of the Offices," has been recast. Its five chapters have been increased to nine, numbered continuously with those of Part 1. We miss sundry tables in the former appendix, and the glossarial index, which might have been retained as needful for certain terms. The section dealing with hymns and metrical psalms has been omitted, as full information can be obtained from the 'Dictionary of Hymnology.' Omitted, further, is the account of the adaptations made from the Prayer-Book for the use of Nonconformist congregations, as it was incomplete and space was lacking for a fuller treatment. Mr. Frere has traced the origin of much of the Prayer-Book to the old Service-Books, "of which," as he says, "it was the lineal descendant." The curious reader might supplement his account, especially of the Hampton Court Conference and the Savoy Conference, from Cardwell's 'History of Conferences on the Book of Common Prayer, from 1558 to 1690,' and, for the details of the successive revisions, from Parker's 'Introduction to the Revisions of the Book of Common Prayer,' not overlooking Bishop Dowden's recent compendious 'Workmanship of the Prayer-Book.'

'Hochelaga Depicta' is a sketch of the early history of Montreal, and a description of its actual state some sixty years ago. The volume was prepared by the Rev. Newton Bosworth, a Baptist clergyman, and first saw the light in 1839. It has long been out of print, and usually brings at auction more than ten times the price which it originally cost. We have received a reprint of this book from a Toronto firm (Congdon & Britnell), and it would appear from a fly-leaf announcement that other rare items of Canadiana are to be likewise reproduced. At least, the heading runs, "Facsimile Reprints of Early Canadian Books, No. 1." Canadian incunabula of all sorts are beginning to creep up in value, and a project to reproduce some of the most valuable pieces of early historical literature should receive encouragement. Typographically, this new edition of 'Hochelaga Depicta' is well executed, but the plates are decidedly inferior to those of the first edition. We have also noticed one or two things which might call down the wrath of that fastidious person, the expert bibliographer. For instance, the map which, in the original, faces page 58, is placed opposite page 91 in the reprint. Similarly, at pages 100 and 177, the plates are made to face the wrong way. These are simply changes of arrangement, and have no bearing whatever upon the value of the contents. We mention them because a reprint is tested by comparison with the original. As a work on local topography 'Hochelaga Depicta' is a classic, and we are glad that it has once more been made available at a reasonable price. The edition is limited to 500 copies.

In covers of Quaker drab, adorned with a whaler and a gull, comes a second, enlarged and well-illustrated edition of Lydia S. Hinchman's 'Early Settlers of Nantucket' (Philadelphia: Ferris & Leech). In this day of D. R.'s and D. A. R.'s, proving by their works their inheritance of belligerency, it is pleasant to know that there are some present-day Americans who come of peace-loving Quakers and are proud to claim their lineage. This book is, in fact, chiefly a genealogy, but carries enough of "customs, documents, and incidents" to give it a general interest. The little island has had a monotonous and yet a strenuous history. Its whaling voyages were a perpetual strain on sailors and families alike, and attempted neutrality in the Revolution brought by no means peace and quiet. Those who believe in heredity should keep an eye on the ladies of to-day mentioned in the index of this book, for they all come of Nantucket ancestry. When the men were gone a-whaling for years at a time, the women, says an old writer here quoted, managed their husbands' business with dexterity. "This ripens their judgment and justly entitles them to a rank superior to other wives." The genealogies given are careful and elaborate, and the errors evident on our cursory examination are few and unimportant. We foresee some heart-burnings among those who can claim only three descents from Tristram Coffin, for some there be who have four or five. The stranger to Nantucket ancestry will be spared these anxieties, and will read of the early settlers and the rise and fall of the Quaker power with sheer pleasure in sea breeze and Friends' calm. The island has now become little more than an old homestead, whose children are scattered far and wide. The last Indian died in 1854, and now, we are told, the last Quaker is gone, and apparently the last whaler also.

Noyes, Platt & Co., Boston, send us 'American Mural Painting: A Study of the Important Decorations by Distinguished Artists in the United States,' by Pauline King. From their close relations with Curtis & Cameron, owners of the right of reproduction of most of the important mural paintings in this country, Noyes, Platt & Co. had unusual facilities for the production of such a book as this, while Miss King's wide acquaintanceship among artists has given her a similar advantage. In a work which owes so much to the courtesy of the artists written of, one could hardly expect much criticism, and the text is naturally rather colorless. There is, however, considerable discrimination in the bestowal of praise, and the statements of fact seem generally correct. The illustrations are fairly successful half-tone reproductions of photographs, and

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their selection covers the ground pretty thoroughly. The book makes an acceptable record of an important movement in American art.

The first number of *Les Arts*, published by Goupil & Co., Paris and New York, gives a fairly favorable impression of the enterprise. This new monthly is to cover the whole range of the plastic and graphic arts, with especial attention to private collections, current exhibitions, and additions to the museums. In the present number M. André Michel describes the proper use of works of art, their chief end in his estimation being the public museums; Paul Villars begins an account of Mr. Alfred de Rothschild's collections of eighteenth-century painting; Gaston Migeon describes recent accessions to the Louvre; the veteran curator, M. E. Moliner, comments upon remarkable examples of eighteenth-century French furniture in foreign possession; the great Delacroix is M. Maurice Hamel's subject, and the late J.-C. Cazin is M. Thiébault-Sisson's; Roger Marx writes on the renaissance of the decorative arts, chiefly of goldsmithry, and a department of news notes on sales and matters of current art interest completes the table of contents. All the articles are of exemplary brevity, and the magazine, in spite of its notable list of contributors, will evidently depend chiefly upon its pictorial features. The illustrations of the present number are well chosen, and, from their large scale, useful, but all of them are in half-tone of very ordinary execution. An English version, too obviously "made in France," is appended.

The promise of a really authoritative periodical of English genealogy and family history will be received with general satisfaction. This is given us in the announcement of the *Ancestor*, a quarterly to be edited by Mr. Oswald Barron and published by Archibald Constable & Co., London, who have recently distinguished themselves by similar undertakings, notably by the Victoria County Histories. Mr. Barron's unusual knowledge in the field to be covered is well known to many who are interested in it. The first number of the new periodical, which will be illustrated, is announced for March 25, and the list of contributors, including among others Sir George Sitwell, Sir H. Maxwell-Lyte, Mr. J. Horace Round, and Mr. St. John Hope, besides the editor, certainly supports the promise of accuracy and authority.

The latest number of the *Litterarhistorische Forschungen* is a study of 'Luigi Pulci and the Morgante Maggiore,' by Lewis Einstein (Berlin: Felber). The definitive monograph on Pulci is still to be written, but, as an introductory survey of the subject, Mr. Einstein's work is not without merit. Two introductory chapters deal with the life and minor works of Pulci, and give a succinct account of his gifted but less celebrated brothers, Luca and Bernardo; the succeeding chapters are devoted to the 'Morgante Maggiore,' its sources and its general influence; and the volume closes with an interesting study of Pulci's mind and art. Though published abroad, this essay was evidently written for the master's degree at an American university, and, while showing some of the crudities which usually characterize such productions, it has a literary flavor too, often lacking in German dissertations. Pulci has been so generally ignored by the literary specialist that a brief monograph devoted to his life and works cannot fail to receive a welcome from the student of the Renaissance.

Petermann's *Mitteilungen*, number two, opens with an appreciative review, by Dr. K. Sapper, of the report by Dr. Charles W. Hayes on the geology and topography of the Nicaragua Canal route. He characterizes it as containing "the most exact and reliable information which has ever been given of a portion of Central America." Other articles are a description of the Landes in southwestern France, and an account, by Professor von Drygalski, of the equipment of the German Antarctic expedition and the incidents of the voyage to Cape Town.

"The *momentary* government of Florida, for *temporary* is too strong a term," is the happy phrase with which President Monroe described the political condition of our new territory in a manuscript letter preserved in the Boston Public Library and now printed in the March Bulletin. It was written immediately after we took possession, and refers to a conflict of authority which had already arisen between Gen. Jackson and the Federal Judge Fromentin. The President says that his idea is that, "under the law of the last session," the United States jurisdiction extended "to revenue and the slave trade only; . . . that until the next meeting of Congress, and further provision being made, the laws of Spain were to govern there." Among the other documents printed is a letter from Aaron Burr to Gov. Alston, denouncing the proposed nomination of Monroe for the Presidency by a "Congressional caucus," dominated by a "certain Junto of Actual and factitious Virginians [who] having had possession of the Gov^{t} for 24 years consider the U. S. as their property, and by bawling 'Support the Adm^{n}' have so long succeeded in duping the republican public." Burr's characterization of Monroe is a remarkable piece of invective. He recommends the independent nomination of Jackson, not because of any "exclusive attachment" to him, but "to break down this Vile combination which rules & degrades the U. S." Monroe's Secretary of State, John Quincy Adams, writes of the great difficulty in securing ministers to the principal European Courts, because of the meagreness of the salary attached to the office. Referring to the declining of the missions to England and Russia by men of great ability, he adds: "The state of things will be felt in consequences which may cost the Nation Millions for every thousand saved by their parsimony in this instance."

The crime of personation is one of the most serious difficulties with which the Government of northern Nigeria has to contend. Sir F. Lugard, the Imperial High Commissioner, says that, throughout the protectorate, it frequently happens that "a man wearing a fez and a pair of trousers comes to a village and announces that he has been sent by the white men. He may remain there for months, levying blackmail from the ignorant natives," threatening, in case of their refusal to comply with his demands, their extermination by the forces of the protectorate. It is his conviction that, in both East and West Africa, "much injustice and oppression has been unwittingly done by our forces," acting on false accusations by these personators—an evil which can be checked only by "patient and unwearying investigation by properly trained political officers with good interpreters." The appointment of such able and experienced men he strongly urges. The whole protectorate is being organized under *native* government, a white civil resident being placed with each important chief. He simply sees that there is no flagrant abuse of power, and reports in case of an utterly incompetent chief. This is absolutely different from the Russian way in Mantchuria and the German way in China, and is characteristic of the English. A great extension of the railway system is advocated in the interest of the peaceful development of the country.

Mr. Max Williams of No. 397 Fifth Avenue sends us four large color prints, in which Mr. Stuart Travis has touched with real humor some of the extravagant possibilities of the automobile craze. Perhaps the most amusing is "The Interrupted Hunt": the fox is proudly seated in a runaway (or is it an abandoned?) motor-carriage, while the hunt is thrown into dire confusion by the crossing automobiles. Other titles are "The Luncheon," "The Return from the Links," and "The Meet at the Black Swan"—a chapter of ludicrous accidents. Mr. Travis shows a genuine comic sense, which is not common among our illustrators, and his clever renewal of the style of the old sporting prints will decorate tastefully any room for which they are appropriate.

—The Fifth Annual Report of the Commissioners of Fisheries, Game, and Forests of the State of New York, covering the year ending September 30, 1899, and now published, comes as a posthumous work, for the Commission reporting is no more. Their account of the last year of their labors has travelled slowly through the press, and appears simultaneously with the Report of their successors for the year 1901. The latter, the Seventh Report, is a businesslike pamphlet of 93 pages. The Fifth Report is, like its predecessors, a quarto of nearly 500 pages, expensively presented in a limited edition, and adorned with numerous illustrations, mostly relevant, including the usual colored plates of fish and birds. Among the more valuable articles accompanying the Report, we note "Timber Product of the Adirondacks," by the Superintendent of State Forests; "Shad Culture in the Hudson River," by A. N. Cheney; and "The Commercial Fisheries of Lake Erie, Lake Ontario, and the Niagara and St. Lawrence Rivers," by John N. Cobb. The value of the Report itself is minimized by the delay and manner of issuing it. This accords, however, with the general unwisdom with which the State administers the Forest Preserve. It would be difficult to find a more striking example of waste of a valuable property. The Constitution of the State, lest what remains should be destroyed, forbids the use of the axe in the decrepit forests which the State has acquired, and thus prevents both the gaining of a revenue from the woods and their proper care. It is as if the Constitution should direct that the Capitol should be kept closed for fear the legislators

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should make way with the staircase. In the Adirondacks the pine has been a rare tree for decades, and now the spruce is rapidly disappearing. The hard woods which remain are to some extent a hindrance to the restoration of the soft woods, while the hard woods themselves have neither the economic nor the hygienic value of the evergreens which they repress. Hence the removal of a portion of the hard woods is important in forestry work. Yet it appears that, though many inhabitants of the Adirondacks have no other resource for fuel, they may not use the beech and maple which cumber the ground, and of which the removal would be an advantage to the State.

--The proper care of the forests, and the financial interests of the State, alike demand the introduction of modern forestry methods in the Adirondacks; and these methods include the removal of ripe and worthless trees, and the planting of young trees of the valuable species in their place. There is probably some truth in the argument that the axe of the woodcutter would be subject to the axe of the politician. Yet, since the State will probably continue its present form of government, the remedy should be sought not in a non-possumus, but in educating the people to a knowledge of and an interest in this great property of theirs. To this end, the State Reports should be practical in their nature, prompt in their publication, and disseminated among the people as widely as possible, even though the expense of such distribution should require the omission of colored plates and of the names of some of the persons who three years ago paid a dollar apiece for the privilege of catching minnows with a net in Lake Ontario.

—'Napoleon's Letters to Josephine, 1796-1812,' have been collected and translated with notes from contemporary sources by Mr. Henry Foljambe Hall (Dutton). The bulk of the correspondence as it is now printed comes from the Collection Didot, which has been available ever since 1833, and which was largely drawn upon under the Second Empire by the commission that edited the 'Correspondance de Napoléon I.' Mr. Hall also accepts as authentic the love-letters of 1796 as they were published by Charles Tennant in 1824. A few other letters have been brought together from various sources, but none of them are very important even if one were willing to admit that they are genuine. The Didot series seems by far the most authentic, and it is certainly the most colorless. Mr. Hall is an ardent admirer of Napoleon, and in his introduction, which must be styled too discursive, he collects praises of him by all sorts of persons, ranging from Wieland and Johann von Müller to the present Archbishop of Canterbury. In this way he prepares his readers for disappointment because the Emperor's genius, however colossal in other respects, does not reveal itself in the letters which follow. The fervid epistles published by Tennant are commonplace in both their sentiment and their diction. If we rule them out as being under suspicion, little remains save hurried notes from the seat of war. Here is a fair example, in Mr. Hall's translation: "I am at Posen [1806], capital of Great Poland. The cold weather has set in; I am in good health. I am about to take a circuit round Poland. My troops are at the gates of Warsaw. Adieu, dear; very kindest regards, and a hearty embrace." Taken one with another, the letters of the Marengo campaign and succeeding years will average hardly ten lines in length. The general nature of the relations between Napoleon and Josephine at different periods is so well understood that there is no need to dwell upon it here. However affectionate Napoleon may have been in his early married life and however considerate afterwards, he did not belong to his family but to the public. As he once said to Gallois: "Je suis tout à fait un être politique." Mr. Hall's translations are not remarkably good, but his numerous notes may prove useful to those who are beyond the reach of the 'Correspondance de Napoléon I.' There is a singular slip in the introduction where Mr. Hall says: "Of Napoleon's goodness we have the well-weighed verdict of Lord Acton, that it was 'the most splendid that has appeared on earth.'" This is apparently a misprint, but it needs to be corrected. Lord Acton at the close of that remarkable article in which he reviewed Ropes and Seeley side by side, actually did term Napoleon "the most splendid genius that has appeared on earth."

—The interests of political and social reform in England have lost a devoted friend by the death, in his seventy-fifth year, of Peter W. Clayden, formerly a distinguished member of the editorial staff of the London *Daily News*. The services rendered by Mr. Clayden to the cause of the North deserve especially to be held in remembrance in America. When the civil war broke out, he was holding a pastorate in a provincial town, but had contributed occasionally to the press. Miss Harriet Martineau, whose friendship he had gained through his literary work, had been invited to contribute an article on the war to the *Edinburgh Review*. Knowing Mr. Clayden's enthusiasm and ability, she suggested that he should write it instead. "But how do I know," asked Mr. Henry Reeve, the editor, "that a young Unitarian minister at Nottingham can write an article for the *Edinburgh Review?*" Harriet Martineau replied: "Mr. Clayden shall do it, and get it done in very good time. If, when you come to read it, you do not like his work, I will write an article for you myself." The article was ready a month before it was wanted, and led Mr. Reeve to thank Miss Martineau for giving him a new writer. His appointment as an editorial writer on the *Daily News* was in succession to Miss Martineau and on her recommendation. The first articles he wrote for that paper also dealt with the American crisis. From 1868 to 1887 Mr. Clayden wrote leading articles for the *Daily News*, and held the post of assistant editor. As an indication of his industry, it may be mentioned that one year his contributions amounted to 453, and that for part of that period he went three days a week to Reading to edit a Liberal paper, which he successfully established in that town, returning without fail to London in time to be at the *Daily News* office at four o'clock. From 1887 until his retirement in 1896 he was night editor of the latter paper, and directed its policy. During the last years of his life, Mr. Clayden was by no means idle, having been Secretary of the "Liberal Forwards"—an association formed to promote the fulfilment of British responsibilities toward Armenia—and having been still actively engaged in many other Liberal movements.

—No problem in the government of uncivilized races is so difficult, now that slavery is out of the question, as how to induce the native to work. He has learned only to fight and to hunt, while the women have worked. But when he is prevented from fighting, and the game has disappeared before civilization, and his new rulers provide for his few wants, as is the case with our Indians and the South African natives, the whole male race sinks inevitably into confirmed idleness. There is practically no agriculture in South Africa because the native will not work upon the land. The natives employed in the Rand mines, some 100,000 in number, come almost wholly from the Portuguese territory. They are willing to brave all the hardships and dangers of the long journey from their homes for the sake of high wages, which offer no inducement to the neighboring British native. As the mines will soon require a much larger number of workmen (the London *Times* correspondent says 250,000), the Government has devised a plan by which it is hoped this labor will be obtained regularly and under favorable conditions. A Department of Native Affairs has been created, and a man of great experience in ruling Africans, Sir Godfrey Lagden, placed in control. The employers have formed a Native Labor Association, authorized to speak and act for the entire mining industry, which will send out recruiting agents having Government licenses. An agreement has been made with the Portuguese Government for the regulation of this recruitment, as well as for the collection, protection, registration, and transport by train of the native gangs. The Association also appoints licensed overseers of the native quarters, over whom is a corps of Government inspectors. Natives may apply to these personally in any case of abuse, and it will be their business to investigate and report upon all causes of complaint. The absolute possession of his wages without deductions will also be guaranteed to the native workman. It is hoped that by this system a steady supply of labor will be gained, and, gradually, that the knowledge of the easier and safer conditions under which work is done may spread through the British tribes and encourage them to come out to work.

—The recent celebration of the centenary of the Danish Vaccination Institute deserves notice, if for nothing else, because of the valuable sketch of vaccination in Denmark, published by the present director, Dr. Bondesen. Five years after Jenner had made his first successful experiment, and while his countrymen were still skeptical, a royal commission was appointed in Denmark to investigate the whole subject, and the result was the establishment of the Institute and the introduction of free vaccination in Denmark. The movement spread rapidly, and met everywhere with the greatest enthusiasm, many laymen acting as vaccinators. Among these was the wealthy and influential Count Ahlefeldt-Laurvigen, who vaccinated no fewer than three hundred persons. The most remarkable Danish vaccinator, however, was the public executioner in Odense,

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who probably thought that his professional work would serve him in good stead for preparation. He was a regularly authorized agent, and a facsimile of one of his certificates of vaccination is given in the sketch. Many of the country clergy and their wives, and even peasants, were among the active followers of Jenner. Not the least striking feature of the history of vaccination in Denmark is the apparently universal favor with which it was received and has ever since been held. If there have been opponents, they have not made themselves felt. From an early period, however, the Danish medical profession, from business motives, opposed vaccination by laymen, and since 1823 the work has been confined to physicians. Between 1810 and 1824 no cases of smallpox occurred in Denmark. The smallpox epidemic of 1833 led to the introduction of revaccination. The last important improvement in the Danish system of vaccination was the substitution of animal lymph, the preparation of which is intrusted to the Institute, in Copenhagen, from which it is sent all over Denmark. Heavy penalties are provided for the use of any other lymph. The annual budget of the Copenhagen Institute, which provides for a population of more than two millions, is less than $3,000.

MRS. FAWCETT'S LIFE OF MOLESWORTH.

Life of the Right Hon. Sir William Molesworth, Bart., M.P., F.R.S. By Mrs. Fawcett, LL.D. Macmillan Co. 1901.

Mrs. Fawcett's book raises two questions: First, Was it worth while to draw a literary portrait of Sir William Molesworth?

To this inquiry a critic may return an unhesitating and an affirmative answer. Molesworth's name is well-nigh forgotten, and it never at any time made any great impression on the general public; he was never known to English electors as was Brougham, or Palmerston, or Gladstone, or Bright, or Cobden. Even in the world of philosophic literature he did not fill a very large space; he never came near to the position of a thinker like Bentham, he was never known to thoughtful readers as was such a successful exponent of the ideas of a school as John Mill. In truth, the amount of his actual achievement in the sphere, either of politics or of letters, was small. But, for all that, Molesworth exhibited a peculiarity, or even an originality, of character which gives him a right to a portrait in any gallery of English worthies. He united qualities which have hardly ever been found in combination; he had the merits and demerits of a country gentleman, and at the same time the virtues and the defects of a fanatical Benthamite. He was at once a squire and a philosophic radical. It is this combination which gives the flavor of originality to his acts, his words, and his thoughts.

Let the reader think for a moment how unprecedented was, in 1830, a turn of mind which strikes one as strange even in 1902. The English squire was, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, a natural-born Tory; his interests were of necessity the pleasures and duties of a country landowner. He might, indeed, under the stress of circumstances (though this was rare), become a Whig, but even then he was occupied in the enjoyments and pursuits of country life, and never a bookworm, a philosopher, or a radical. Now if you look at Molesworth's life from one side, and especially if you dwell upon the anecdotes, only too few, which Mrs. Fawcett has collected of his youth, you perceive at once that he inherited the tastes and showed the traditions of a country gentleman. He was, it is true, turbulent and pugnacious. So was Bismarck, who owed half his strength to his possessing the qualities of a Prussian squire. Molesworth was also, like other young gentlemen of his age, determined to enjoy life. The one striking feature of his early manhood is the vigor with which he threw himself into any pursuit whatever that roused his feelings or excited his interest. He was at any moment ready to fight a duel, and challenged and fought his college tutor. No one was killed, but the duel was a very serious matter, and a Highland servant devoted to Sir William had made up his mind that, if his master fell, he, McLean, would slay Sir William's antagonist. While fighting his tutor, Molesworth, whose father was dead, kindly patronized his mother, and wrote to her the assurance of his being highly satisfied with her conduct throughout the whole affair. She well deserved this praise, for she had entered into the spirit of the fray, and, when asked to interpose, replied that she never could advise what hereafter might be deemed injurious to her son's honor. Twice, or even thrice, he was again on the verge of a duel. This, the reader should note, was all in keeping with the code then adopted by gentlemen. Both Scott and Macaulay—much more pacific persons than Molesworth—were prepared, when honor required it, to go out and kill, or, at any rate, try to kill, their man.

But Sir William was no mere fighter; he mixed in society, foreign and English; he delighted in social intercourse; he went to balls and dinners; he enjoyed all the pleasures of life. Above all, he felt keenly the dignity and the responsibilities attaching to a country gentleman of good lineage and to the heir of a good estate. But Molesworth was also a philosophic radical; and adopting, as he did, with all his natural vehemence, the dogmas of the sect which he had joined, he was, from many points of view, everything which a country gentleman was then most certain to condemn. He was a democrat; he wished to destroy the state of society in which English squires delighted. He revelled in argument, and his logical training supplied him with arms for an assault on all the institutions which an English country gentleman held in honor. He was a bookworm, but he had no love for literature; he might be called a scholar, but he thought little or nothing of the sort of scholarship which English gentlemen, imbued with prejudices or principles, picked up at Oxford or Cambridge.

Then, too, the future editor of Hobbes, the admirer of Grote, and the disciple of James Mill, was a freethinker. It is hardly possible for a modern reader to understand the unpopularity which Molesworth's type of radicalism was certain to excite among the gentlemen of Cornwall. How deep was the prejudice against the philosophic radicals may be best understood by recalling to our minds the attitude towards them of men as fair and liberal-minded as Macaulay and Frederick Denison Maurice. The author of the celebrated articles on Utilitarianism, who was himself at bottom a utilitarian, derides Bentham's disciples as the foes of polite literature and the advocates of logical pedantry; and Maurice, in his unread and almost unreadable novel, 'Eustace Conway,' betrays the belief that a utilitarian was likely to be a scoundrel. The truth is, that the philosophic radicals, with all their great merits, were doctrinaires. They were at once advocates of popular rights and yet themselves unpopular. They, moreover, suffered under the imputation, not altogether unfounded, of a skepticism which the outspoken brutality of 1830 called atheism, and the milder and fairer language of 1902 would term agnosticism; and Molesworth, on this point, as on every other, shared the unpopularity of his associates. He adopted all the political ideas which were then most unpopular in the English gentry. He was an advocate of the ballot, he favored free trade; he desired democratic changes which went far beyond the Reform Act of 1832; he detested and abused the Whigs, he founded the *Westminster Review*, and, from his vigorous and successful attempts to secure for the colonies something like practical independence as well as immunity from the importation of convicts, appeared to most of his contemporaries, and certainly to his political opponents, to be hostile to the greatness of the empire. A modern Liberal, indeed, may hold that Molesworth, in common with the philosophic radicals, was, as regards many political doctrines, in advance of his age.

But an observer who is more interested in human nature than in politics will care less to determine whether Molesworth was politically right or wrong than to understand and note the trick of fate by which a Cornish squire became a Benthamite radical. Nor will such an observer fail to note that it is the combination of incongruous qualities which gives an interest to Molesworth's character, and even to his statesmanship. He was a philosophic radical, but a philosophic radical with a difference. He shared sentiments which James Mill would have condemned as prejudices, and which John Mill, in spite of all his desire to give and receive sympathy, would never have been able to understand. Molesworth, from the beginning to the end of his life, when his last directions were that his funeral, though plain and unostentatious, should be "like a gentleman's," remained the Cornish squire. His portrait was well worth drawing, and Mrs. Fawcett's picture of the man as an individual is, if not exactly powerful, at least full of sympathy and interest.

Secondly—Has Mrs. Fawcett given us a just estimate of her hero? The fact that Molesworth is her "hero" makes it all but impossible to return to this inquiry a favorable reply. Hero-worship is in itself the negation of fairness; the worshipper is sure to fall into one at least of two errors—he either erects too high a pedestal for his idol, or tries to exalt the object of his admiration by unduly depreciating every possible competitor for fame. Mrs. Fawcett falls into both these errors. She assuredly gives to Molesworth a higher place than he would have claimed for himself or than would be assigned to him by any impartial critic. Even as a thinker

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and writer, he did not stand in the first rank among the men of his school. He attracts little if any attention from inquirers who, like Leslie Stephen, have made a special study of Utilitarianism. He published a meritorious edition of Hobbes's work. He meant to publish a life of Hobbes, but he died without accomplishing his intention. He never exerted anything like the influence of John Mill, and he never accomplished in the world of letters anything equivalent to the work of Grote. In politics he did not become a leader. He did good work in the improvement of Britain's colonial system, and might have done more had he not died comparatively young. But with speculations about what might have been, a wise man will not greatly trouble himself.

It would be folly and ingratitude to depreciate Molesworth's labors; he did a great deal more for the good of the country than do most M. Ps. But to suppose that his efforts on behalf, for instance, of free trade can be placed side by side with the labors of Bright or of Cobden, would argue on the part of a critic a lack of all sense of proportion. The Corn Laws might have remained unrepealed till to-day if the academical arguments of the philosophic radicals had not been reinforced or superseded by the enthusiasm, the harangues, and the noisy agitation of the Anti-Corn-Law League. But Molesworth, Mrs. Fawcett is obviously convinced, is not to be confounded with the Manchester school, whose services to the country she does not at all fully appreciate. The distinction which she obviously draws, and insists upon far too strongly, between the principles of Molesworth and the political doctrines with which the Manchester school is identified, is, in a very limited sense, real, but Mrs. Fawcett makes far too much of it. The distinction, such as it is, lies in the fact that Molesworth did not, at any rate in the later part of his career, share Cobden's belief in the lasting reign of peace, and, further, that he entertained a certain sympathy with the imperial greatness of England. But when you look at the matter dispassionately, it is extremely difficult to believe that Molesworth was, as we gather his biographer believes, an Imperialist born before his time.

We doubt very much whether he himself would have drawn, and whether either his critics or his admirers did in fact draw, the distinction, which seems so important to Mrs. Fawcett, between Molesworth and other radicals. He, it is true, separated from Cobden and Bright on the question of the Crimean War, and, though that war meets fewer defenders now than it did when it was undertaken, it is quite arguable that Molesworth was in the right. What is certain is that many radicals were supporters of a war which seemed to them to be resistance to Russian aggression. On any other point it is a little difficult to see where it was that Molesworth differed fundamentally from Cobden and Bright. He attacked the Colonial Office, and wished that the English colonies should as soon as possible receive responsible government and be allowed to manage their own local affairs. So did Cobden and Bright. He clearly believed, as appears from the well-known speech of April 10, 1851, to which Mrs. Fawcett makes constant reference, that the colonies cost England much useless expense; he was firmly convinced that England's Colonial Empire ought not to be extended, and especially that it ought not to be extended in South Africa. In all this he occupied exactly the same position, whether we hold the position right or wrong, as the Manchester radicals. He no doubt entertained a vague hope that the colonies, if left to themselves, might come to the aid of the mother country in any just and necessary war; and in this hope he differed, let us admit, from the Manchester School. But, after all, we must not attach too much importance to a hope supported, as it happens, by a fallacious argument which was obviously meant to conciliate opponents. The great speech of 1851 might in its general tone have been endorsed by Cobden or Bright; and, after all, Molesworth's views as to South Africa in 1852 and 1854 are decisive as to his whole position. It is vain to deny that he showed himself at that time precisely what is, in the slang of to-day, called a "Little Englander." His attack on Sir Harry Smith cannot be overlooked. It is exactly the kind of attack which is now directed against Sir Alfred Milner. Whether the attack can be held in either case or in both cases justifiable, is a point which we have not the least intention of arguing. All that we insist upon is that Mrs. Fawcett's honest statement of Molesworth's attitude about South Africa is fatal to her general estimate of his statesmanship. He published in May, 1854, the notes of a speech never delivered in defence of the abandonment of the Orange River territory. In 1878 Kruger was in England to protest against the annexation of the Transvaal; he obtained from Molesworth's widow leave to republish the Notes. Certainly Kruger did not believe that Molesworth was an advocate of Imperialism, and in this matter we agree rather with Kruger than with Mrs. Fawcett.

MORE FICTION.

The New Americans. By Alfred Hodder. The Macmillan Co.

Under the Skylights. By Henry B. Fuller. D. Appleton & Co.

Circumstance. By S. Weir Mitchell, M.D. The Century Co.

The Marrow of Tradition. By Charles W. Chesnutt. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

In Great Waters. By Thomas A. Janvier. Harper & Brothers.

Orloff and his Wife. By Maxim Gorky. Translated from the Russian by Isabel F. Hapgood. Charles Scribner's Sons.

In 'The New Americans,' nationality is rather over-emphasized. The people sometimes appear more like pilgrims from a remote planet than like children of the race that calls earth its mother. Richardson classified human beings as "men, women, and Italians," and Mr. Hodder seems to accept the classification, substituting Americans for Italians. The Americanism of those citizens of Cincinnati who are selected for representation is not external, a thing obvious and objectionable to the eye and ear; it is a mental attitude, an air of rejecting experience and of individual capacity to adjust the disordered Universe; it is a sort of predominating egotism of the intelligence, which plays havoc with human relations and rather crowds out human instincts. Such characterization, so far as it goes, is not unjust, but it does not go far enough; it creates a false impression as to fact, and it represents people so artificially that it is impossible to like or dislike them, or to care a straw about them. A fair inference from the book is that the author has been inspired more by critical than by creative purpose, and that his first intention has been to free his mind of a load of observation. His eye is particularly and sternly fixed on American women. Early in the work he sounds the censorious note. Mrs. Windet, the mother of the hero, Alan Windet, had managed (one is not definitely told how) to fall short of her husband's ideal of a wife. Since Mr. Windet had expected her to be "an embodied counsel of perfection," the author, we think, treats her failure with undue severity. "She had undertaken that function readily enough," he says; "all women undertake it with a readiness that is amazing, if one considers the sheer ignorance in which they contrive to live. They seem to assume that freedom from error is a quality of sex, like an absence of beard."

Mr. Windet never forgave his wife for disappointing him. The poor woman tried to run away, but he captured her and kept her henceforth as closely a prisoner as if she were chained to a stake. Dealing with a new generation, Mr. Hodder continues to testify; neither youth nor beauty nor talent can bribe him to equivocate. Thus does he introduce his heroine, Miss Cecily Elderlin, a young woman on whom the gods had showered gifts: "She was young and 'paid with her person' [a frequent phrase on New American lips]. She paid presumably as little as she could. She was one of the 'nice girls' who make it a point of honor to go through life quietly demanding everything and giving nothing. She was a prodigious egoist, who fancied she had earned the kingdom of heaven if she consented reluctantly to be adored." When Miss Elderlin rejects Alan Windet it is explained that "she possessed the current American conception that a woman is by birthright something for some one else to dedicate himself to and to do things for." When she resents a commonplace remark, we are informed that "she was always offended by an accent on a difference in sex: it was as if she thought the Deity had made a blunder in creating them male and female, though she was not averse to accepting the advantages of being a woman."

This kind of criticism is unquestionably animated, and we quote it neither to agree nor to dissent, but to show Mr. Hodder's indifference to the generally accepted canon of fiction which prescribes for the author an impartial attitude towards his characters. But his whole conception of the art of fiction is mistaken. The characterization is one-sided, and therefore inadequate; the story is involved, and the motives of action are so obscure that it is almost hopeless to find out what any one is driving at. Everybody and everything is over-analyzed, over-described, and, after all, we have no impression of life, only an elaborate statement of the author's opinions about life. So many of these opinions are worth expression that one may overlook Mr. Hodder's error about the form in which they should be cast. If he has failed to write a good novel, he has

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succeeded in writing an interesting and frequently amusing book.

Mr. Fuller's critical spirit is as keen as Mr. Hodder's, but far more genial, sympathetic, and retiring. It knows that in fiction it is entitled only to indirect expression, and that one of its most becoming garments is a cheerful and kindly satire. In the art of impersonal representation of life, Mr. Fuller has, indeed, very great skill, which he uses with a freedom, variety, and assurance most uncommon and enjoyable. That rage for culture which testifies at once pathetically and humorously to America's newness provides a motive for the tales collected in the volume entitled 'Under the Skylights.' The motive is developed through comedy which has just enough seriousness to intimate that the author has no intention of sneering at his people or belittling their aims and aspirations. It is, however, clear that he takes a lightly cynical view of the earnest literary movement, the home-art movement, the higher-life movement—every popular movement except that towards the palatial residence of Mrs. Palmer Pence, when that sumptuous person deigned to proffer tea to a thirsting mob about five o'clock in the afternoon. Even Abner Joyce, the son of the soil, the impassioned denouncer of the "unearned increment," the uncompromising "veritist" in life and letters, at last conforms. It is true that he stuck out, that he had his price. A cup of tea and a handshake could not undermine his principles, but a dinner, a dinner given with special reference to the author of 'This Weary World,' fetched him, and ranged him for ever on the side of Mammon. Such a climax must offend idealists, but no one who has looked the world in the face detects any glaring improbability. The characters of the first tale reappear in the second, which is too long and diffuse, and not justified by the central incident. The third tale, "Dr. Gowdy and the Squash," is well known. The satire is extravagant, and so the story passes for innocent farce.

In his novel 'Circumstance,' Dr. Mitchell's philosophical purpose is to illustrate the effect of circumstance on character. It may be that in working out an exciting plot he has lost sight of this purpose; at all events, its presence does not distract attention from the intrigues and manœuvres of a very competent adventuress called Mrs. Hunter. The lady's character appears to have been formed to control circumstances, indeed to mould them to her will. In the end she was partially defeated, but it took all the energy and intelligence of a large family, a Philadelphian family, to check her career of triumphant crime. The Philadelphians are depicted as very nice, moral, domestic people, constitutionally unfitted to do battle with such a circumstance as Mrs. Hunter. Two maiden ladies, combating pride and poverty, are delicately drawn, and the love affair of Miss Clementina is managed with great discretion.

The medium of fiction is used by the author of 'The Marrow of Tradition' to make a statement of existing relations between negroes and whites in several of the Southern States. Plot, characters, and situations are all conceived with this object in view. The combination of fiction and fact is not perfect, but it is closer and smoother than in most of the current purpose novels. The characterization of both races is excellent, and to many of the scenes the author has given a genuine dramatic touch, the touch that thrills and convinces. In statement of conditions and in criticism Mr. Chesnutt is calm, acute, and just—surprisingly so when he discusses lynch law and disfranchisement by the "grandfather clause" and other ingenious methods. The tone of his argument throughout is admirable, and the expression often eloquent. While his novel is inferior to his short stories in form and method, it shows more vigorously than they do the capacity for cool observation and reflection.

Mr. Janvier is not a too prolific writer; therefore, perhaps, his work suggests by its careful finish leisure for doing it and a personal pleasure derived from doing it well. Throughout his volume of tales of Great Waters, the predominating note is sombre, melancholy, tragic. One, "A Duluth Tragedy," is a pearl of price among stories. The tragedy of event develops itself naturally, inevitably, from the contrast and contact of the inexperienced, passionate, self-reliant Ulrica Ashley and George Maltham, a man not wicked, but weak, and rash enough to suppose that he might play with fire and escape being burned. It would be hard to find in fiction a situation more finely rendered than that where Ulrica steers her boat into the jaws of death. Any one might show the propriety, even righteousness, of Maltham's doom; but in letting Ulrica share it, in making the reader feel that she must share it, Mr. Janvier justifies a bold experiment. Maltham, when, at last, he knew what Ulrica meant to do, grasped the tiller and tried to shift the helm. Ulrica struck him down; he fell backward and lay in a heap miserably whining. "The complaining noise that he made annoyed her. For the last time she looked at him, burning him for an instant with her glowing eyes. Then her look was fixed on the great oncoming waves again, and she cast him out from her mind."

It is not very long since, in popular conception, imaginative literature was a form of expression from which pleasure of one kind or another could be extracted. Gradually this conception has been modified, and we have come to accept it as a very doubtful contributor to the sum of human happiness. It has been left for the Russian, Maxim Gorky, to convert it into an instrument of torture. The life represented in his tales of the "Barefoot Brigade" is at best degraded and painful; at worst, indecent and hideous. To read it is to be overcome with a disgust for life, for any scheme of existence that admits such possibilities. The representation has no appearance of exaggeration, of an unscrupulous desire for effect; it gives the impression of literal truth; it creates a positive belief in the fact. No doubt this is what Gorky means to do, and, if to do it is to be a great force in literature, let none dispute his greatness. Fortunately for us, at least, who cherish the English tradition, there is still room and time to protest. For us, in the estimation of greatness, there are still to be considered the quality of the subject, the ideas and the ideals presented to us. The day has not yet come for us to crown the vivid reporter of the filthy lives of more or less professional tramps. On first acquaintance, Gorky's tramps are rather interesting, because of their curiosity about the mystery of life, which suggests a spirituality trying to escape and to rise above their wretched material condition. But it never does rise, and what seems an interesting and redeeming individual attribute is nothing but a national trait that makes itself an excuse for vice. Gorky may or may not think it an excuse; one cannot tell. He is almost perfectly the impersonal artist or reporter, who tells what he sees and knows, adding neither judgment nor apology. It is not to be predicted that he may never apply this art to the rendering of the more hopeful and beautiful aspects of life; but in his translated work, at least, limitations are distinctly hinted. His occasional sketches of presumably refined persons with civilized habits are awkward, imperfect, sometimes not quite intelligible. He does not understand, probably does not perceive, emotions in which the intellect and what we call character are involved. He really grasps nothing in men and women except animalism, sensuality, materialism. He appears, indeed, chiefly as a born captain of the "Barefoot Brigade."

Financial Crises. By Theodore E. Burton. D. Appleton & Co. 1902.

Mr. Burton has written a very interesting book. His table of bibliography shows that, in collecting his facts, he has examined a great number of authorities; and while it is not to be expected that his theories based on these facts should prove acceptable to all who have studied the subject, it must be admitted that they are in the main reasonable and plausible. The case is a difficult one, and from time immemorial financial doctors have disagreed as to the diagnosis and as to the proper remedies. It is not even possible to get all authorities to agree as to the fact that certain years were prosperous, and other years the reverse. But Mr. Burton is able to show pretty clearly that in many historic crises, such as those of 1825, 1837, 1847, 1857, 1866, 1873, 1884, and 1893, the sequence of phenomena was practically identical: first, a wild speculation, continuing in some cases for several years, followed by a panic due to a serious failure or defalcation, and that again followed by several years of depression. The earlier stages have been well described by Walter Bagehot: "A great many stupid people have a great deal of stupid money, and at intervals this blind capital is particularly large and craving; it seeks for some one to devour it and there is plethora; it finds some one and there is speculation; it is devoured and there is panic." This is probably as good an explanation as can be given of that extraordinary speculative mania which at certain times takes possession of a whole people, and, if unchecked, leads them headlong over the financial precipice. In the opinion of many good judges, the Northern Pacific corner of May, 1901, was a blessing in disguise, because it ended abruptly a wild speculation which would otherwise have ended in serious and widespread disaster.

One of the best-known periods of excessive speculation was that of 1720, which produced the South Sea bubble. Day after

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day new companies were organized for every imaginable purpose—companies to make salt water fresh, companies to import jackasses from Spain, companies to make wheels of perpetual motion, and so on. But the climax was reached by an ingenious gentleman who one morning secured a thousand subscribers at two guineas apiece "for an undertaking which shall in due time be revealed." Here we have the original of the blind pool, not unknown to Wall Street, and it seems scarcely necessary to add that the projectors decamped with the two thousand guineas the same afternoon. Financial history repeats itself continually, because the son rarely profits by the experience of the father; and so we read that in the similar speculative period of 1825 a prospectus was issued of a company to be formed for the draining of the Red Sea, and the recovery of the gold and jewels left by Pharaoh's army.

"Black Friday" is connected in many minds with the idea of financial panic, and the connection is one of long standing. The original Black Friday was December 6, 1745, when the advance of the Young Pretender's army towards London caused a serious panic. Then there was another Black Friday in London on May 11, 1866, not, as Mr. Burton says, the day of the failure of Overend, Gurney & Co., but the day after. That important firm failed on Thursday afternoon, and, the fact being telegraphed everywhere, caused a terrible panic and many other failures the next day. Soon after came New York's Black Friday, September 24, 1869, when Jay Gould's attempt to corner gold caused acute distress in Wall Street.

In comparing earlier and later panics, Mr. Burton takes the ground that the coöperation of banking institutions, the greater quantity and mobility of capital and superior means of communication, have diminished the force of crises; but it is doubtful if this theory can be maintained. The most recent crisis in this country—that of 1893—was as long-continued and probably as disastrous from every point of view as any of its predecessors, and the enormous volume of modern transactions certainly tends to increased liabilities on the part of the firms and corporations which fail.

We have said that Mr. Burton's theory of crises is in the main a reasonable and plausible one, but we cannot admit the soundness of all his arguments. For instance, on page 155, he makes the statement that "the United States is not a debtor country, as formerly." If he means by this that it is not a debtor country to the same extent as formerly, no exception can be taken; but if he means, as we imagine he does, that it is not a debtor country in the sense that it holds the obligations of other countries to the same extent that other countries hold its obligations, then the statement is very misleading. The best authorities are of the opinion that, although the amount has been largely reduced of late years, there still remains a European investment in American securities of at least a billion of dollars over and above the small amount of American money which has been invested in European securities. The accuracy of this estimate can easily be verified by an examination of the stock ledgers of railroad companies, and by the amount of coupons received from abroad for collection. Again, at page 219, he speaks of an export of gold for investment abroad *contemporaneously with a low rate of exchange;* but surely this is a contradiction in terms. No export of gold can take place contemporaneously with a low rate of exchange unless the country receiving the gold is willing to pay a premium for it sufficiently high to convert an apparently low rate of exchange into an actually high rate; and such a premium corresponds to the expenditure of power required to force water up hill.

After describing the different crises that have occurred in the United States, Mr. Burton gives his opinion of the present outlook, or rather of the outlook at the time he was writing last summer. Among the unfavorable indications, he mentions the gross over-capitalization of new companies, the absorption of capital for increase of production or future profits, and the diminished activity and purchasing power in other countries with which we have close business relations; all of which conditions have been noted prior to the advent of crises in the past. On the other hand, he considers our financial position excellent, and adds that "large balances abroad furnish a valuable reserve upon which to draw in case of danger." Our financial position to-day can hardly be considered excellent, in view of the diminishing reserves which the banks hold against the greatest volume of deposits ever recorded; and as to the large balances abroad, they did not exist last summer, and they do not exist to-day, except in the imagination of writers of Wall Street news items whose interests lead them to take a cheerful view of the stock market. A much more important point in our favor is the increasing domestic production of gold. This has enabled us, without serious embarrassment, to pay Europe for the vast mass of American securities returned in the last few years, and may enable us to continue business on the present extended scale, in spite of the narrow banking margin, *provided no accident happens.* But, as M. Leroy-Beaulieu has well said, "Every machine moving at great pace and at the maximum of its speed runs the risk of derangement," and there are many thoughtful people, here and elsewhere, who are watching the rapid movement of the American financial machine with growing apprehension.

We have to thank Mr. Burton for an index and for a number of valuable statistical tables, in one of which, on page 345, we note a misprint; the United States wheat crop of 1893 being given as 896 millions of bushels instead of 396 millions.

Cecil Rhodes: A Study of a Career. By Howard Hensman. Harper & Bros. 1902.

The author of this biography informs us that he is indebted to a sister of Mr. Rhodes for some of his information; but the debt is not a large one. Nothing of consequence is told which has not already appeared in print, nor is the matter very interesting. If Mr. Rhodes directed the preparation of this sketch, he did not in selecting a biographer display the business sagacity with which he is credited. Mr. Hensman seems to be unpractised in literary composition, and he does not understand the art of drawing a character. Boswell achieved a great success by chronicling the particulars of the daily life of his hero, but such a success cannot easily be repeated, for modern life is less picturesque than in Dr. Johnson's day, and there are few characters so strongly marked as his.

Regarded in his private capacity, Mr. Rhodes seems to have been a boy like other boys and to be a man like other men. Thus, we are told that at school he was weak in mathematics, but strong in religion, French, the classics, history, and geography. Many such boys have existed. On several occasions he took part in the school sports—a not unparalleled occurrence. He had a disinclination to be behind any of his rivals—a disposition observable in many boys. "His temper was, in the main, genial and sunny; but at times he had outbursts of that imperiousness of will which has marked his later career, and was wont to chafe somewhat at the admonitions of his masters." On one occasion he went so far as to make a motion to throw a book at a teacher, but thought better of it. There is nothing remarkable in all this.

Mr. Hensman attends his hero through later life with similar inept assiduity. Those who are curious concerning his habits and belongings may read of them here, and may listen to many assertions of his greatness. But when it comes to a really critical attempt to characterize the man, his biographer collapses. "The truth is," he confesses, "that Rhodes is a bundle of inconsistencies, and that we no sooner feel that at length we have estimated his character correctly and fathomed all its depths, than he does something which upsets the whole of our calculations, and it is necessary to begin all over again."

We do not think the case quite so bad as this. So far from being inscrutable, Mr. Rhodes is easily comprehended. His distinction is that of a man who got rich through acquiring a diamond mine by methods quite familiar in our own financial world, and described as "cornering," "freezing out," "getting the cinch," and by other expressive epithets. Having secured the continuance of his prosperity by developing a system of slave labor, he conceived the ambitious design of exploiting the continent of Africa, for which undertaking he naturally thought the assistance of the British Government would be indispensable. As Sir William Harcourt said of his schemes, "All he asks us to do is to give up free trade and restore slavery." So far, he has got only half what he asked, but he may yet have the whole. In order to attain his purpose, he projected a telegraph line and a railway "from the Cape to Cairo," obtained title to the vast desert known by his name, and instigated the notorious Jameson raid. His "Chartered Company" has been a failure, and his attack on the Transvaal Republic has cost his country a thousand millions of dollars, untold numbers of lives, and the regard of England's truest friends. She has incurred the enmity of Europe and the undying hatred of the Dutch people of South Africa. These are very considerable achievements, but it does not yet appear that they will win Mr. Rhodes the gratitude of posterity.

Little doubt exists that if Africa is to be successfully exploited, it must be done by slave labor. Mr. Rhodes's plan is simple. Let a hut-tax or a poll-tax be enforced, and the natives will discover the advantages of working. They will not work unless forced; therefore, let them be forced.

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Even Mr. Hensman recoils at the pitiful reluctance of the natives to work under ground; they have a childish fear of the dark, it seems. But as diamonds cannot be mined without slave labor, their scruples must be disregarded. Naturally enough, Mr. Rhodes considers that alcoholic drinks should be kept from the natives; no slaveholder in our own country would have tolerated drinking on his plantation. But whatever credit belongs to Mr. Rhodes for prohibiting the sale of drink to the natives we cheerfully accord him. He needs all the entries to his credit that he can get.

The investigation into the Jameson raid, it will be remembered, was suddenly interrupted. It was whispered, whether truly or falsely, that if it had not been stopped, revelations would have been made which would have shaken the very institution of royalty. At all events, we do not know, and probably shall not know, all that Mr. Rhodes did. The Select Committee of the House of Commons found that "he deceived the High Commissioner representing the Imperial Government, he concealed his views from his colleagues in the Colonial Ministry and from the Board of the British South Africa Company, and led his subordinates to believe that his plans were approved by his superiors." On this Mr. Hensman comments as follows: "No little surprise was occasioned by the remark of Mr. Chamberlain, during his speech, that, however much Mr. Rhodes might have failed in his duties as a public man, there was nothing in the whole affair which redounded to his private dishonor. Certain small and unimportant sections professed astonishment at this statement. It is so easy to astonish some people."

The Passing and the Permanent in Religion. By Minot Judson Savage, D.D. (Harvard). G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1900.

Dr. Savage's title is probably a conscious variant of Theodore Parker's "Transient and Permanent in Christianity," the title of Parker's epoch-making sermon of May 19, 1841. The sub-title has a quaint, old-fashioned air: "A plain treatment of the great essentials of religion, being a sifting from these of such things as cannot outlive the results of scientific, historical, and critical study, so making more clearly seen the things that cannot be shaken." Many will think Dr. Savage too confident in his persuasion that without scientific, historical, and critical justification certain things cannot survive. The view of Macaulay's New Zealander from the broken arch of London bridge is likelier to be true. The indolent reviewer could not do better than to borrow from Dr. Savage's preface a description of the matter and the manner of his book. As we turn its pages, we find it easy to understand why the author's preaching should be so attractive. It could not be more simple than it is. The presentation of the preacher's thought is level with his apprehension of reality. He never attempts to say anything that he cannot say comprehensibly. Nothing is painfully suggested. The reader or hearer gets all there is, or all the preacher has himself acquired, as to one subject or another. Moreover, the tone is genial, optimistic, to a remarkable degree. To Dr. Savage, the whole business of life, death, and immortality is a very simple one. If there are mysteries, they can be easily explored. If difficulties are presented, it is for the fun of bringing them to naught; that is what they are for. The sermons are well calculated for a congregation of multi-millionaires. They are full to overflowing with the confident self-satisfaction of the time. We are a great people. There was never so much goodness or so much happiness before. Everything is very much as it should be, except the traditional theology, and that is on its last legs. In his last chapter, Dr. Savage pictures the heaven of his ideal as a still greater New York.

Each sermon-chapter follows the same general plan, which is to set aside the traditional form in deference to some higher, which is assumed to be the permanent reality. There is ample recognition of the traditional systems as feeling after God, if haply they might find him. The text of the first sermon might well have been Schiller's epigram—

"Which my religion? None of those you name;
'Tis so, in fact, because I have religion."

The leading thought—that religion is inescapable—is presented in an impressive manner. In the second chapter Dr. Savage does not make the common liberal antithesis between theology and religion, but regards theology, equally with religion, as something necessary and permanent—religion's intellectual form.

The chapters on worship and prayer are two of the worthiest in the book. That called "Hells" spends too much time on the hells that have burned out, and not enough on the very real and present hell of Swedenborg's conception, when he said, "They that are in sin are in the punishment of sin." In general, there is more emphasis upon the negative than on the positive side. In "The Resurrection Life"—a strange misnomer for the persistence of a spiritual self—Dr. Savage's confident spiritualism helps him to no detail. He simply projects upon the void his personal ideal of an agreeable and happy life; not perfectly happy—here the best touch—so long as there is anywhere unhappiness. But where we can know nothing, a more restrained imagination would, perhaps, be more reverent. There is an appendix which gives horrible examples in proof that Dr. Savage, when describing the traditional hell, was not using the worst words he knew by a good deal.

A Treatise on International Public Law. By Hannis Taylor. Chicago: Callaghan & Co. 1901.

During the last fifty years, in the view of this author, international law has passed through a more marked and rapid development than in any other single epoch in its entire history. To understand this development, however, it is necessary to regard the existing state system in the light furnished by an examination of its three predecessors—Greek, Roman, and Mediæval—"whose individual histories constitute only distinct stages in one unbroken and progressive development." Such an examination is made by Mr. Taylor in a summary statement of the early history of international usages; but we do not observe that any definite principles of development are deduced from this history, or applied to the elucidation of its later stages. We know, in a general way, that the rules of diplomatic intercourse have been formulated, that sovereignty and jurisdiction in relation to persons and things have been defined, that the rights and duties of neutrals have been particularized. But we get little new light from this treatise on the causes which have produced these effects, their origin and future operation; and the really valuable results of the author's scholarly labors are rather concealed than displayed by his pompous platitudes.

Let us take, for example, his comments on the extraordinary performance of President Cleveland in regard to the question of the boundary of Venezuela. The principle governing the action of our Government here seems to be derived from the proposition that "our marvellous national development entitled us to rank as a world-power." Most writers on international law have assumed that the United States has long been as much of a "world-power" as any other state; but they have not included among the doctrines of their science the proposition that the United States is the only sovereign state in the western hemisphere. Mr. Cleveland said, "Practically the principle for which we contend has peculiar, if not exclusive, relation to the United States," which would remove it from the category of law. For the essence of law is its application to a class of persons or phenomena; and a principle applying exclusively to one case is subversive of this notion. According to Mr. Cleveland's theory, every nation to the south of us is subject to our "overlordship," and maintains its existence only by our consent. As this author explicitly admits, our Government has the right of final judgment concerning intervention, and "intervention is a hostile act, which the state interfered with may treat as an act of war." This may or may not be called the "Monroe Doctrine," and it may or may not be recognized as a fact by other nations; but it illustrates the principle that might makes right, and is inconsistent with every definition of justice.

In accordance with this theory of the development of international law, no reference is made to the war with Mexico, beyond a suggestion that it was undertaken by our Government in "self-defence." We find that the burning of the palace of the Emperor of China in 1860 was unjustifiable, but we observe no allusion to recent events in that country, or to the principles of international law which they involve. As to resistance prolonged unreasonably, it is intimated that quarter should be granted to those finally captured, and that "the better opinion" forbids inhumanity when a civilized Power makes reprisals on barbarians." Curiously enough, the name of Aguinaldo is mentioned in a paragraph wherein it is laid down that "it is unlawful to bribe or otherwise seduce generals, soldiers, or people of the opposing belligerent." This follows a statement that injury by treachery is never permissible, and that gaining admission within the enemy's lines by false pretences or disguises is forbidden. But the capture of Aguinaldo is not mentioned; and if our Government is to do whatever is right in its own judgment, by virtue of its might, we know not why it may not change the laws of war. Another omission which we have noted is that of the case of the *Itata*, important for several reasons. We may add that it is creditable to the author that he justifies Lincoln's threat to execute

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Southern prisoners in retaliation for the refusal of quarter to black soldiers, although he disapproves of the arming of the slaves.

The comments on the *Alabama* case are of peculiar interest because of Mr. Taylor's personal acquaintance with Capt. Semmes, whom he describes as one of the most astute and accomplished lawyers of his time. His criticism of this case and of the development of international law concerning the duties of neutrals toward belligerents is intelligent and thorough, and contains perhaps the best condensed review of the subject available. In general, we may say that the treatise covers the ground pretty completely, its pages numbering nearly 800. The authorities are conveniently cited in footnotes. The index is unusually full, covering 115 pages, and there is also a list of authorities cited. The treatise will no doubt prove a useful manual, especially for reference, although the author's opinions may not always command respect.

Early Renaissance Architecture in England: A Historical and Descriptive Account of the Tudor, Elizabethan, and Jacobean Periods, 1500-1625. For the Use of Students and Others. By J. Alfred Gotch, F.S.A. With 87 collotype and other plates, and 230 illustrations in the text. London: B. T. Batsford; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1901. Pp. xxii, 281.

Although it has been disputed whether there ever was a true Renaissance of the arts in England, the English writers who are the most accurate and the most enthusiastic of our time, are accepting the term Renaissance architecture for all the buildings and their details—all the tombs, garden terraces, and decorative art generally—which come in date after the first introduction of classical forms from Italy into England. As with Mr. Blomfield, so with Messrs. Belcher and Macartney, and with the author of the work before us. What we have to consider is, whether the term Renaissance has been properly applied in these cases. About this it is evident that there must be differences of opinion.

The true Renaissance is the Italian movement dating from 1420 to about the beginning of the sixteenth century, and losing itself then in the completed cinquecento style which cannot in strictness be associated with the "revival," being an ultimate result. The appearance of classical details, with the change in general design in the north—that is to say, in the countries which we now know as France, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Sweden—is about eighty-five years later than in Italy; but the term Renaissance is with great propriety extended to cover it because it was inspired by almost exactly the same motives as in Italy. It is not possible to detect in the history of English art any such universal change; the Gothic taste held on and influenced all the buildings of the British Isles down to the time of the outbreak of the Civil War, when the few designs made by Inigo Jones and by one or two men of his time who were "Italianate" in their feelings and experience, are to be compared, if at all, with the classically inspired buildings of the Continent. If, so far as style is concerned, the term Renaissance were to be applied to anything English, it should be applied to these—to designs like that for Whitehall Palace, of which only the "Banqueting House" was ever built; but this design was not made until after the middle of the seventeenth century. On the other hand, if the term Renaissance is to be applied not to the style of any given building but to a changing spirit in the significance of design, then the Renaissance begins in England in sculptured detail, as early as 1520, while the first piece of non-Gothic design in general forms as well as in detail is, as selected and given by Mr. Gotch, the screen in King's College Chapel, Cambridge (plate viii.); this screen being dated by him 1532-36. It is evident that the term should be applied rather to this and its contemporary buildings, and that we are driven to accept, as the time of the Renaissance, a long historical period, during which Gothic details were used side by side with those of very positive non-Gothic character; during which the proportion and the grouping of country houses were still mediæval, while the horizontal cornice, the flat roof, and the classical order came into royal palace and London front; during which mediæval feeling and mediæval methods of work held their own successfully against the invading taste for neo-classic design. This is the Renaissance in England; and it covers the whole space between the accession of Henry VIII., 1509, and the beginning of the serious struggle between Charles and his Parliament, about 1635, or between 1500 and 1625, as the title-page will have it. Mr. Gotch stops with the end of the reign of James I.; and to make even dates covering exactly a century and a quarter, he begins with the year 1500. Nothing can be said against these limits given for the early Renaissance, but it must be remarked that what the English writers call the early Renaissance should, in our opinion, be called the Renaissance alone, without qualifying term, while the art of the epoch following the Civil War should be called by some other name. The term Renaissance expresses the single idea of a rejuvenation of art, of a commencement on new lines, of a fresh start; and there is no reason in the world for extending it, as is too common in English writing, to cover the periods of decline and even of decay.

Mr. Gotch is the author of a folio work entitled 'The Architecture of the Renaissance in England,' devoted to large photographic views of English buildings, exteriors and interiors, general views, and details, with descriptive text and an introductory essay. The present work is altogether different in character, and the assurance given in the preface can be taken literally; namely, that the two works have nothing in common beyond the fact that they cover nearly the same period. The more recent is an historical handbook, and one of extraordinary value for its thorough examination into the true history of the time, unswayed more than is reasonable by the dignified or pretentious character of buildings which still exist in their entirety. Thus, it is easy to trace the development of Elizabethan architecture in the pages beginning with "The Invasion of the Foreign Style" (page 10) through the next chapter, which deals with "The Development of the House Plan," and then through a series of chapters which deal with the details until chapter xi. takes up afresh the subject of the plan in connection with the work of John Thorpe and the later sixteenth century. The book is of necessity devoted mainly to domestic architecture. It is plainly stated on page 215 that there is no ecclesiastical architecture of early Renaissance character in England; nor is this the first occurrence of this statement. In fact, the disposition which the English show to this day to build churches in some modification of mediæval style, while the domestic and civic buildings near at hand are neo-classic in some form, took its origin in the early days. Moreover, the full classical treatment even of civic buildings was never accepted during all this Renaissance period. As is stated on page 95, "An Elizabethan house could no more have been designed by Palladio or Du Cerceau or Vriese than a play like those which Shakspere gave us could have been written by one of the novelists, essayists, or dramatists of Italy, France, or Germany." In this fact, however, in this very impurity of style, this mingling of different and even hostile elements, is found the true charm of the Elizabethan and Jacobean architecture. This architecture, taken altogether, is the latest instance in which Europeans have allowed themselves to work according to accepted traditions of cutting stone and wood and fitting parts together. It is the latest workman's style in Europe.

The book can be read continuously by any person interested in history as a narrative. Students who ask for synopses and tables of facts only, and abhor the idea of story-telling even if the story be true and well told, are not the readers we have now in mind. Here is one side of the life of one small European nation, and the history of this for 125 years is made to cover 266 pages—although, indeed, one-fifth, or perhaps one-fourth, of this space is occupied by text illustrations. It recommends itself to no one to whom the solid object, the tangible, ponderable, and visible work of art is indifferent—for there are many such men, and some of them are found to write about matters of graphic and plastic art. By readers for whom it is intended it can be laid down with a feeling of perfect content with the use they have made of their time.

The Works of Thomas Kyd. Edited from the Original Texts with Introduction, Notes, and Facsimiles, by Frederick S. Boas, M.A., Balliol College, Oxford, Professor of History and English Literature in Queen's College, Belfast; Author of 'Shakspere and his Predecessors,' etc. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde. 1901. Pp. cxvi, 470.

When Klein, some twenty-five years ago, wrote his two volumes on the English Drama in his 'Geschichte des Dramas,' he spoke of Kyd as the "most impersonal of all poets." Since that time, however, our knowledge not only of Kyd but of his fellow-dramatists has been appreciably increased. Mr. Lee's 'Life of Shakspere' has brushed aside the imaginative inferences from the plays which tried to pass as biography, and from authenticated facts has given us a real and living man. And the same scholar, with Goodwin, Schick, and others, has brought to light much that was hidden in the life of Kyd. The results of these investigations are embodied by Professor Boas, together with his own, in the Introduction to his edition of the Works of Kyd. There are still twenty-three years

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of the dramatist's life which remain a blank, and these Professor Boas seeks to fill in by tracing the course of his poetic development as inferable from his works. At best, this is fragmentary and cannot be regarded as conclusive. Thus, to infer from the evidence of his plays and translations that he was not college-bred is certainly perilous. A college course does not always make a man a perfect construer, and Kyd's mistakes in translation from Latin, French, and Italian may be paralleled without great difficulty in the works of equally brilliant men who are college graduates. Even if he does speak of Thrasymene as "so dezart," and translates "Marius, l'honneur d'Arpin" as "Marius, Arpin's friend," we should not necessarily infer with Professor Boas that he did not graduate from either of the Universities.

In any case, Kyd's learning, or lack of it, seems to have made him the butt of one bitter writer of invective, the fiery Nash, who, it is generally agreed, was striking at Kyd in his Preface to Greene's "Menaphon" and incidentally furnishing some biography. Nash, as Professor Boas says, was correct enough when he sneered at Kyd as one of those who "intermeddle with Italian translations: wherein how poorelie they have plodded . . . let all indifferent Gentlemen that have travailed in that tongue discerne by their twopenie pamphlets"; but Nash gives too loose a rein to his satirical fancy when he says Kyd "could scarcelie latinize [his] necke verse if [he] should have neede." Accurate scholarship, fortunately, was not a prerequisite to dramatic excellence, though some of the University wits would have had it so; nor was every University wit a perfect Latinist.

The editor of Kyd is beset from the beginning of his work with perplexing problems. As soon as he has gathered together the fragments of his author's life, he meets various disturbing questions about his known works and about those which are to be admitted into the canon. Happily, we know that the "Spanish Tragedy" is by Kyd, but we have to determine its date by internal evidence. Over this seemingly insignificant question much ink has been spilt. Was the play written before or after the Armada? The subtleties of those who fix its date at 1589-90 must, however, vanish, as Professor Boas contends, before the argument that no play dealing with Spanish affairs and written by an Englishman would be likely to contain only trivial references to vague and semi-mythical victories of English arms in the days of John of Gaunt, when the Armada was still fresh in the memory of all England. The date 1585-7, fixed upon by Professor Boas, makes more manifest the influence of Kyd on the development of English tragedy, and it is this which gives importance to the question.

Besides the "Spanish Tragedy," only one other play is known to be Kyd's, and it is his translation of Garnier's "Cornélie." By means of these two plays, accordingly, the canon of his dramas has to be determined. There are, in all, four plays which appear for examination: "Titus Andronicus," "Jeronimo," "Soliman and Perseda," and the suppositional "Ur-Hamlet," the original of Shakspere's play. The first two Professor Boas believes not to be Kyd's; the last two undoubtedly his. The problem is complicated in the case of "Titus" by the admission that we probably have not the earliest form in the present version—and the former alone is attributed to Kyd; and, in the case of the "Ur-Hamlet," by the loss of this play, which is most closely represented by the 1603 Shakspere quarto. There are striking resemblances between all these plays and the "Spanish Tragedy," and also differences. The greatest care must, accordingly, be taken in estimating the relative values of these points of similarity and difference, if from them we are to determine a common or a divided authorship.

In the case of "Jeronimo" the resemblances to the "Spanish Tragedy" are largely suggested by the latter work, to which the former was intended as a forepiece; and the play might readily be composed by a fifth-rate dramatist who wished to profit by the revived popularity of the greater work. Disregarding conventional and accidental correspondences, there are no resemblances between the two plays too subtle to be explained as imitative. The lack of conformity, on the other hand, between certain events in the forepiece and the record of them in the "Spanish Tragedy" might easily be overlooked by a careless imitator, but not by the common author of the two plays.

In his discussion of the authorship of the "Ur-Hamlet," Professor Boas should rest his main argument on the striking similarities of dramatic technique between the 1603 quarto and the "Spanish Tragedy," as supplementary, of course, to the strong evidence of Nash's "Preface." The variations of "Hamlet" from its ultimate source in Belleforest correspond so closely to leading features in the plot of the "Spanish Tragedy" as to be strongly corroborative of the common authorship of these plays. On the whole, Professor Boas presents these arguments forcibly; some of his correspondences are, however, too trivial to carry weight. But it is in the resemblances of phrase between the 1603 quarto and the known works of Kyd that our editor believes he has "practically irresistible internal tests" of Kyd's authorship of the "Ur-Hamlet." To us they do not seem convincing. They might easily be the product of imitation. Such exist in the case of "Jeronimo" and the "Spanish Tragedy," of the 1604 quarto of "Hamlet" and the "Spanish Tragedy." Indeed, Professor Boas himself, in discussing the authorship of "Titus," points out just such resemblances in phrase between this play and the "Spanish Tragedy," but is content to disregard them without explanation as evidence of common authorship. There are, too, resemblances in technique between "Titus" and the "Spanish Tragedy" which are more significant than some of those Professor Boas mentions between the 1603 quarto and the same play, and these, also, he disregards. These smaller matters should be given very little weight in determining authorship. It is the mere jugglery of criticism when they are classed as corroborative evidence in the case of probable common authorship, and as mere imitation in that of probable divided authorship. That which determines us in accepting Kyd as the author of the "Ur-Hamlet" and questioning his complicity in "Titus" is the radical difference between the two plays. "Titus" surpasses in its orgy of horrors and its ingenuity of ferociousness anything in Kyd's accredited works or what we can conceive the "Ur-Hamlet" to have been. This, with the total absence of the comic, would seem to argue most strongly against Kyd's authorship of the play.

In the matter of the text, Professor Boas has left very little to be desired. He has given us the first complete edition of Kyd's works. Hitherto, with the exception of the "Spanish Tragedy," his plays were accessible only in the collections. Of his pamphlets, the "Householder's Philosophy" existed only in the quarto of 1588, and the "Murder of John Brewen" had been reprinted in Collier's "Illustrations of Early English Popular Literature" (1863), and was out of print. The text follows the best quarto in the case of each work, and varies only when necessary. All needless emendations (for which see Fleischer's 'Bemerkungen') are rigidly excluded. The notes are neither too full nor too scanty. There are remarkably few typographical errors. The following have been noted: On p. xciv, line 12, the reference to the "Spanish Tragedy" should be III., xi, *43;* on p. 31, line 60, for "ambituous" read "ambitious"; the footnote on page 69 to line 148 reads: "See Note," but there is no corresponding note; the reference in the note to "Spanish Tragedy" III., vi, 16, should read "52" for "51"; on page 322 the page-heading should be "Act II.," not "Act I."

Musings by Campfire and Wayside. By William Cunningham Gray. Fleming H. Revell Co. 1902. 8vo, pp. 337. Illustrated.

This volume of *causerie* by the late editor of the *Interior* contains some chapters enlarged from an earlier output of 'Musings,' though much of the contents is now first printed. A portion of the book failed to receive the author's revision, as one may notice by a few misspelled proper names and one misplaced paragraph. These defects are, however, of slight importance. The book has what many of our young Western critics mistake for evidences of culture—a simple, unaffected flow of words, as of chat on a veranda in the twilight between old friends; evidences of good taste, native rather than acquired, of homely common sense, of a genuine love of outdoor life, of latent fires of indignation ready to blaze at the puff of injustice. Some of it is charming, nearly all is pleasant reading, and there is little of the newspaper flavor. It is the apotheosis of the literary column in the Saturday evening edition, a development in words of musings, whimsies quaint or kindly, speculations of a dandelion about the pine tops, of a log-cabin builder about the universe. As a self-revelation of an earnest, kindly nature, free from pedantry yet innocent of training, reverent yet audacious, but without the undertones of strength which are the indications of real power, the book will find a welcome, and doubtless a wide audience. But it is of those which open the door to literature rather than exemplify it, which sound the note of aspiration rather than the pæan of one who stands already on the heights. Of literary finish or the assured confidence of style it has and claims nothing.

It is elegantly printed and tastefully bound; and the illustrations, from photographs by the author, are well reproduced and of a quality akin to the text.

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François de Fénelon. By Viscount St. Cyres. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1901.

The life of a great aristocratic prelate of the seventeenth century might easily have tempted a less judicious biographer than Lord St. Cyres into long intrusive disquisition on the great fundamentals implied by Fénelon in successive declarations or acts of conduct. We should then have been presented with an elaborate treatise on questions of state and religion during the *grand siècle*, instead of with the present compact and admirably balanced Life. Its explanatory paragraphs and chapters, though amply detailed, are all designed to aid in the elucidation of a character hitherto treated in altogether too partial a fashion. For, as the author says, the conventional Fénelon, as described either by admirers or by opponents, invariably obscures the real man. Thus (chap. ii.) the eighteenth-century tradition, which placed Fénelon among the great supporters of religious toleration, becomes manifestly ill-founded when one examines, with the assistance of Lord St. Cyres, the essentially clerical character of the Archbishop. Yet we cannot agree with the biographer in attributing freedom of conscience wholly "to men to whom liberty of Prophesying was as the very breath of God," and thus tacitly ruling out the slowly disintegrating effect which the skepticism of such men as Bayle handed as a heritage to the still more destructive and tolerant indifferentism of the age of pure reason (p. 17).

It is in connection with the hackneyed Bossuet-Fénelon quarrel that the writer's analysis is most complete, dealing out even-handed justice to both contestants with an almost sardonic imperturbability of judicial humor; the reader is at first puzzled to guess to which side his sympathies are expected to lean. In the main, however, Lord St. Cyres tends to favor Bossuet, the "dogmatist, not, indeed, in the world's most vulgar sense, but as one who saw in creeds an institution rather than an idea, a measuring-rod rather than a lever, an abstract of all human duties, not their bare beginning" (p. 152). Such a character needs no reading between the lines; it falls, consequently, into natural and immediate antagonism with the "quelquechose d'inachevé, composé de contrastes qui n'ont pu se fondre et s'amalgamer," of which the picture here presented takes the place, possibly for many years, of the conventional portrait, so often drawn in unbroken flowing outline, of the persecuted saint at Cambrai. And the special merit of the biographer's discussion lies in its demonstration of the rigorously logical fashion in which the contrast and hostility grew out of a simple difference in the diagnosing of an elementary pathological case.

In dealing with Fénelon's theory of education, his present biographer easily exposes its leading weakness. Parallels between 'Télémaque' and 'Émile' have often been established; but comparatively few critics dwell with insistence on their common fallacy of bringing up the child in large measure with a view to the subjective gratification in the result to be enjoyed by the preceptor; and an average healthy boy should chafe under a system of scrutiny which reduces the pupil almost to the condition of the prisoners in Bentham's Panopticon scheme. This community of view in Fénelon and Rousseau, we may add, was in the one case derived from the practice of the confessional, while in the other it was a persistent survival of the inquisitorial methods of Geneva. The Swiss theorist was the more fortunate of the two in not seeing the wreck of his endeavors through their failure in a concrete example. Lord St. Cyres goes further in tracing the dependence of Rousseau on Fénelon by representing the latter as, in some respects, a forerunner of Romanticism (pp. 200-202), which restores to Nature something of her primal rights. While joining with the critic in holding that Fénelon's conception of Nature is at bottom in harmony neither with Rousseau nor with Wordsworth, one must also note that an equally wide gulf divides the observer of urban and court life from the man to whom a mere touch of color on the hillside signified a revelation of supreme importance towards the discovery of philosophic truth. Fénelon was one of the least likely of men to become "enslaved to the optic nerve."

In the preface of this volume the general reader is forewarned against the possible aridity of certain chapters devoted to the examination of the abstract principles at stake during the crisis of Fénelon's life. It is precisely in connection with these questions that the scholar will find his chief interest, for Lord St. Cyres has evidently examined not only the great treatises, but in some cases a mass of ephemeral contemporary pamphlets, bearing on such topics as Mme. Guyon and the Mystics, Jansenism and Cartesianism. It is thus that he succeeds in deepening the impression that he seeks to make of the complexity in a nature capable of allying itself now with Mystic, now with Jesuit, and consequently, at a later time, of supplying authoritative foundation for the widely differing contention of Joseph de Maistre and Lamennais.

The style of this volume is not the least of its merits. Possibly, in dealing with the more serious questions, the glitter of sustained wit or epigram might have given way to the glow of genuine interest or fervor; the academic tone of slightly supercilious aloofness suggests comparative coldness to the issues in a country which is not the writer's own. But this also rendered it possible for Lord St. Cyres to give practical fulfilment to the recently expressed wish of another commentator: "Il semble que l'heure de l'impartialité devrait être venue pour la mémoire de Fénelon."

Life of Charles Robinson, the First State Governor of Kansas. By Frank W. Blackmar, Ph.D., Professor of Sociology and Economics in the University of Kansas. Topeka: Crane & Co.

It is an unfortunate aspect of early Kansas history that works on the subject are still being written with greater and greater amplitude of detail, and the time of contraction and condensation has not yet begun. Redpath's 'Life of John Brown' filled 408 pages, Sanborn's 645, Hinton's 752. After some delay, the special admirers of Gov. Robinson are taking their innings, and Professor Blackmar's biography of him mounts up to 438 pages. Like all his predecessors, this new author at once plunges into the petty and somewhat parochial gossip, so often reiterated, as to who is the real hero of Kansas. He says, in the very introduction (p. 17): "As to the Brown-Lane-Robinson controversy, it is not easy to get at the whole truth and cause each man to stand forth in his true light." Nevertheless, he finds it easy, three pages after, like all special advocates, to say that "the verdict of history cannot fail" to make his own hero incomparably the greatest. Having thus stated the case and pronounced the verdict in the very introduction, he proceeds for many pages to multiply details, finding Brown and Lane wrong in everything, and yet presenting them in no really new light.

The essential point of the controversy has been from the beginning the alleged fact that Gov. Robinson did at the time approve of John Brown's part in the so-called "Pottawatomie Massacre," in 1856, on which the whole course of events seemed for a time to turn, and that he held that view of it for twenty-two years, after which he turned upon John Brown and vigorously denounced him for the rest of his own life. Professor Blackmar now concedes (p. 321), that Gov. Robinson wrote to James Hanway as follows, in 1878: "I never had much doubt that Capt. Brown was the author of the blow at Pottawatomie [twenty-two years before], for the reason that he was the only man that comprehended the situation and saw the absolute necessity of some such blow and had the nerve to strike it." Professor Blackmar's vindication of this seeming inconsistency is based on the ground that certain testimony, given by a Mr. Townsley (p. 322), caused the change of Robinson's opinion. The peculiarity is that, while thus relying on Mr. Townsley's evidence for the vindication of his friend, Professor Blackmar does not tell us one word as to who the witness was, when he testified, what his statements were; and does not consider him important enough to be mentioned in his index.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Townsley was simply the wagoner who was employed to drive the party. John Brown himself had spent the winter in that region (Connelley's 'John Brown,' p. 212), and did not need any one to show him who and what his neighbors were; he plainly did not intend to "sweep the creek," because two pro-slavery men were returned unharmed as having taken no part in any outrages. Furthermore, we have it on the authority of John Brown, jr., a man of high character as to truthfulness, that Townsley "volunteered to return with the team, and offered to point out the abodes of such as he thought should be disposed of" (Sanborn, p. 264; Connelley, p. 210). Townsley himself stated at a later period: "I did not then approve the killing of those men. . . . In after-years my opinion changed as to the wisdom of the massacre. I became, and am, satisfied that it resulted in good to the Free-State cause. . . . The pro-slavery men were dreadfully terrified, and large numbers of them soon left the Territory" (Connelly, p. 224). It is to be remembered that Governor Robinson himself was one of those held as prisoner by the Slave-State men, and, immediately after the Pottawatomie affair, was released; and that even Prof. L. W. Spring, author of a 'History of Kansas,' while disapproving the massacre itself, admits that its effect was "marvellous," and that it probably saved Governor Robinson and the other prisoners from death (*Lippincott's Magazine,* January 18,

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1883). Considering how constantly the affair was discussed in the Territory, and how well the details had been gone over again and again at every street corner, it seems in the highest degree improbable that Governor Robinson's views of the whole matter should have been seriously changed, after nearly a quarter of a century, by any testimony of such uncertain value as that coming from a man like Townsley.

If we have seemed to dwell upon the matter disproportionately, it is because Professor Blackmar throughout the book leads up to it, thus recognizing it as the weak point in Governor Robinson's career. This career doubtless began in great services to Kansas, but was afterwards marred by the distorted action of the mind which characterized Kansas public sentiment on both sides in those days, and whose effects still remain among her historians. Having had occasion not long since to point out the very unsatisfactory construction of Mr. Connelley's book, written from the John Brown point of view, we cannot be censured as one-sided for finding the same and still greater defects in the work now in our hands. Like so many of its predecessors, it has simply confused the Kansas muddle and made it worse than before. It is to be remembered that Theodore Parker said in 1856, at the anniversary of the Anti-Slavery Society, speaking of Kansas annals up to that time, "I know of no transaction in human history which has been covered up with such abundant lying from the days of Ananias and Sapphira down to the first nomination of Governor Gardner."

The Spoken Arabic of Egypt. By J. Selden Willmore. London: David Nutt. 1901. Pp. xviii+394.

Not since Spitta's epoch-making 'Grammatik' have we had so detailed an examination and so complete a statement of the actual facts of the dialects of Egypt, and especially Cairo, as spoken at the present day. Curiously enough, Mr. Willmore makes no mention of Vollers, his more immediate, if much less painstaking, predecessor; and the work done by Socin, Sobernheim, and Kern on the translations from Molière into Cairene Arabic by Muhammad Osman Galal is also left unnoticed. In fact, the whole recent movement in Germany towards elaborate study of the different modern dialects of Arabic—a movement so extensive as to have almost pushed aside for the time all thoughts of classical Arabic—seems to have escaped his attention. So his book has been produced independently by the same causes which have produced that movement in Germany—the great awakening among Muslims, and the interest in Europe in the again living East. Mr. Willmore hopes, like Spitta and all others who know the East face to face, for a time when the Arabic colloquials will become literary languages, and when the educated Muslim, speaking in public or writing, will no longer have to express himself in a so-called classical idiom which is not classical at all, but a product of the schools. The language of the voice will be the language of the pen, and the new literature will be accessible to the mass of the people. This is a hope which we may easily see realized, and the present book will do much towards that realization, as showing that it deals with no patois, but with a language which can endure the bonds of grammar and live. Yet it is to be remembered that the few attempts so far made towards writing in this tongue understanded of the people have enlisted far higher interest in Europe than in Egypt, and that plays which have been edited, published, and translated by German philologians have with difficulty pushed themselves against popular prejudice on to the Egyptian stage. A second hope, that the new literature may be written in some form of the Latin alphabet and not in the unhappy, if picturesque, Arabic script, must remain much dimmer and farther off. If it were not for the wise English policy of meddling in no way with native prejudices, something might be done with the high hand in the new schools. But that is impossible; the Egyptians must save themselves, and they will probably do it in some way that we have never dreamed of. Education they are now getting; it is theirs to make use of it.

Mr. Willmore has equipped his book with an extensive and well-graduated set of exercises; but it is essentially a grammatical study and not an introductory manual. To have marked the accent throughout might have added much to the expense, but it would certainly have added still more to the value.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Airy, Reginald. Westminster. (Handbooks to the Great Public Schools.) London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. $1.50.

Alexander, Mrs. The Yellow Fiend. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

Bacon, Francis. Of Gardens: An Essay. John Lane. 75 cents.

Balch, T. W. The Alaska-Canadian Frontier. Philadelphia: Allen, Lane & Scott.

Cook, Mrs. E. T. The Bride's Book. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

Cooper, W. A. Moser's Der Bibliothekar. American Book Co. 45 cents.

Davis, W. S., jr. Dietotherapy and Food in Health. (A System of Physiologic Therapeutics, Vol. vi.) Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Son & Co.

Dixon, Thomas, jr. The Leopard's Spots. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.

Emerson, Ellen R. Nature and Human Nature. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

Falkiner, C. L. Studies in Irish History and Biography. Longmans, Green & Co. $5.

Gee, Henry. The Elizabethan Prayer-Book and Ornaments. Macmillan. $1.25.

Grethenbach, Constantine. Secular View of the Bible. Peter Eckler. $2.

Hinkson, H. A. The Point of Honour. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

Holdsworth, Annie E. Michael Ross, Minister. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

Johnson, Mrs. S. H. Hell in the Twentieth Century. Published by the Author.

Kobbé, Gustav. Opera Singers: A Pictorial Souvenir. R. H. Russell.

Laycock, W. F. A Dictionary of Dyes, Mordants, and Other Compounds Used in Dyeing and Calico Printing. London: Charles Griffin & Co.; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $5.

More Letters of Edward FitzGerald. Macmillan Co. $2.75.

Morris, Mrs. J. E. Golden Fluff. Abbey Press. 50 cents.

Patrick, David. Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literaure, Vol. i. London: W. & R. Chambers; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $5.

Rait, R. S. Five Stuart Princesses. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50.

Right Reading: Words of Good Counsel on the Choice and Use of Books Selected from the Writings of Ten Famous Authors. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

"Rita." The Sin of Jasper Standish. R. F. Fenno & Co. $1.25.

Rolfe, W. J. A Satchel Guide for the Vacation Tourist in Europe. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.

Ruskay, Esther J. Hearth and Home Essays. Special Series No. 6. Philadelphia: The Jewish Publication Society of America.

Sigel, Feodor. Lectures on Slavonic Law. Henry Frowde.

Slicer, Rev. T. R. One World at a Time. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.35.

Smedberg, H. V. The Improprieties of Noah, and Other Stories. Abbey Press. 50 cents.

Smith, G. C. M. The Autobiography of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Harry Smith. 2 vols. London: John Murray; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $8.

Smith, Abbie N. Bobtail Dixie. Abbey Press. $1.

Sonderegger, C. L'Achèvement du Canal de Panama. Paris: Ch. Dunod; New York: G. E. Stechert. $2.50.

Stevenson, R. L. Æs Triplex, and Other Essays. Portland (Me.): Thomas B. Mosher.

Symonds, J. A. Studies of the Greek Poets. 2 vols. New ed. London: Adam & Charles Black; New York: Macmillan. $6.

"The Georgian Period," being Measured Drawings of Colonial Work, Part ix. Boston: American Architect and Building News.

The Temple Bible: (1) Benham, Canon. The Johannine Books; (2) Harper, J. W. The Books of Ezra, Nehemiah, and Esther. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 60 cents.

Thwaites, R. G. Down Historic Waterways: Six Hundred Miles of Canoeing upon Illinois and Wisconsin Rivers. New ed. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

Walford, L. B. Charlotte. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.

Waters, W. E. Town Life in Ancient Italy. Boston: Benj. H. Sanborn & Co. 75 cents.

Watson, T. E. Napoleon. Macmillan. $2.25

Wells, H. G. Anticipations. Harpers. $1.80.

Whitby, Beatrice. Flower and Thorn. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

Williamson, G. C. Holman Hunt. (Bell's Miniature Series of Painters.) London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. 50 cents.

Youth's Companion Series: (1) The Wide World; (2) Northern Europe. Boston: Ginn & Co. 25 cents each.

"From the novel of modern life, however skilfully written it may happen to be, it is sometimes a pleasure to turn to some book which is so remote in its theme and so fantastic in its atmosphere as to seem to have no relation to the actual life of any period in the history of the world. 'The Assassins' is such a story, as extraordinary in its incidents as a tale out of the Arabian Nights, but, perhaps for that very reason, unusually entertaining. . . . From beginning to end Mr. Meakin crowds his pages with spectacular and grim occurrences. The last chapter, one is sure, will contain just the climax for which one has been looking; but, as a matter of fact, the author here gives his narrative a turn which is as surprising as it is artistic."
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Henry Holt & Co., New York

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